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REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS — By Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles

# COLLIER'S

## WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

VOL TWENTY-SEVEN NO 2

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NEW YORK APRIL 13 1901

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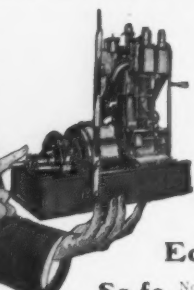
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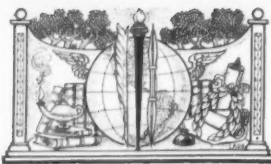
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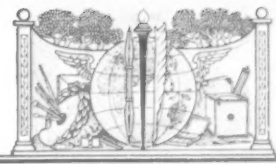


# COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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## The WEEK

**DOWN IN THE QUIANT OLD CITY OF GLOUCESTER,** Massachusetts, a city immortalized by Kipling in his "Captains Courageous," they have recently held the solemn service in memory of the victims claimed by the insatiable sea. At the memorial meeting held after the return of the fishing fleet the names of those who have perished by the



RUDYARD KIPLING

fury of the elements or the indifference of man, by storm or collision with some huge liner which is in too much of a hurry to bother about the lives of a few fishermen, are read out, and this year the list was smaller than usual, "being only fifty-two." Think what that means in a small community, think of the tragedy brought home to "the nineteen widows and thirty-seven orphaned children, and the sorrowing fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters."

In the last forty-six years 350 vessels have left the port of Gloucester never to return, in that nearly half a century 1,650 men and boys have bid good-by with a light heart only to find eternal peace in the tumultuous bosom of a never peaceful ocean. Every year for the last five, 103 lives have been offered up so that the American breakfast table might be supplied with picked-up codfish and other delicacies from the Great Banks of Newfoundland. The subject calls up a certain episode, sadly and gressomely typical no doubt, described by Kipling in that very book, "Captains Courageous," the scene being laid in Gloucester itself. When the people of the place had assembled to hear the year's casualty list read from a platform by one of the town officials, "The widows," so runs the account, "braced themselves rigidly like people going to be shot in cold blood, for they knew what was coming." Amid the weeping of the widows—"Schooner *Florrie Anderson*, lost with all aboard off the Georges. Schooner *Mannie Douglas*, lost on the Banks with all hands." The writer grimly concludes, "And so on, and so on." A dreadful catalogue! What tears, what tragedy, what heart-breaking sorrow is wrapped up in a fishball! We who eat our cod pay no heed at what expense it has been procured, it is only in Gloucester, where its price is written in blood, that its cost is counted, where the widowed and the orphaned, with eyes ever turned on the unstable sea, dimly speculate on the mystery of life and death, and wonder why the great deep is always hungering for its victims, why it always crushes the hearts of those who have been sorely tried.

**THE DAY OF THE COUNTRY STORE, THAT LOCAL** parliament and club, where, under the pretext of going for the mail, men loafed around for hours discussing the affairs of the nation and the concerns of the neighborhood, is passing. The decadence of the general store is largely due to the establishment of the rural free delivery mail service, by which the inhabitants of even the smallest village may obtain their mail with almost as much facility as the residents of the larger cities.



H. CONQUEST CLARKE

When the idea was suggested, a little more than four years ago, it appeared so preposterous that it excited only derision. It was denounced as impracticable; it was sneered at as another political fad that would cost the government a great deal of money and produce no practical results; it seemed almost Utopian to bring the letter to the farmer instead of making him go a mile or two after it; and it was said the farmer would not appreciate the government's efforts to save him trouble. When Mr. H. Conquest Clarke, the present head of the rural free delivery, took charge of the service there were forty routes, now there are 4,500. Then the appropriation was \$50,000, now it is \$5,500,000. Then the staff in Washington consisted of four persons, now, exclusive of carriers, nearly two hundred clerks are required to keep the machine going. Over four million persons in every part of the country get their mail through the rural free delivery carriers. There is no longer any necessity for the farmer to leave his work to go after his letters, his papers, and his mail-order purchases. His various papers are brought to him through the mail as they are to the man in San Francisco or New Orleans. He no more sits on the cracker box in the general

store waiting until the postmaster has finished his disquisition on the wickedness of Congress before he thinks of sorting out his mail. He is sharing in the general progress of the world, and all the world is at his elbow if he only chooses to avail himself of it.

**WHEN SENATOR PLATT DISPOSED OF GOVERNOR** Roosevelt by securing his nomination for the Vice-Presidency and selected Mr. B. B. Odell, then a member of Congress, to be his successor as Governor of the State of New York, people said that Mr. Platt had got rid of "Roosevelt the truculent" so that he might more easily control the occupant of the Gubernatorial chair. Little did they realize, still less even did Senator Platt realize, that Governor Odell has a will of his own and is not to be swerved from his purpose by threat or blandishment. When Mr. Platt wanted his Police Bill passed,



GOVERNOR B. B. ODELL

he sent his son Frank to Albany to tell the Governor that it must be done; not to ask it as a favor or to suggest it as a matter of policy, but because T. C. Platt, Republican Boss of the State of New York, willed it, and refusal to obey the mandate imperilled the Governor's political future. Governor Odell showed that he was not a puppet in the hands of a boss. He promptly declined to accept orders, and he announced that if a Police Bill were passed by the Legislature he would veto it, and he would not allow his future to interfere with his present duty. Mr. Platt was dazed; for once in his long career he found a man courageous enough to defy him, and he retired, for the time, discomfited. But it is Governor Odell who has caught the popular fancy, whose courage and defiance of bossdom arouse enthusiasm, for, when all is said, courage is a virtue every one understands, and which appeals with all the directness of a primitive emotion. Of such stuff Presidents are made, and politicians are asking if the State of New York may not furnish the successor to Mr. McKinley in 1904.

**EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND A FEW DAYS AGO PAID** a well deserved tribute to Mr. George B. Cortelyou, the secretary to the President, and very properly said that the position of the secretary is as important as that of a member of the Cabinet. This statement may seem surprising to persons who are apt to look upon the secretary to the President as simply a superior clerk, and who remember the time, not so very long ago, when the "private secretary," as he was then called, had really no official status, and was more often than not a political crony for whom the President was forced to provide. We have changed all that. All the work of the government now passes through the hands of the President's secretary; it is he to whom the President dictates letters and despatches of the most confidential character, and who must necessarily know not only what has been sent, but what has been received. It often happens that the secretary knows more than a member of the Cabinet. The latter may have no knowledge of what has been done by other departments, but everything centres in the White House, and the pivot on which the centre revolves is the secretary. A man to be a successful secretary must have qualities of which many men have some, but few all. Tact and secretiveness are essential requisites, and yet they are no more important than a tremendous capacity for hard work, an almost intuitive gift for dealing with men, and the power of adaptability to circumstances. More than one public man has had his career marred by a bungling secretary, and more than one owes much of his success to the *savoir faire* and cleverness of his confidential man. The President's secretary not only has complete control of what are ordinarily understood to be official matters, but everything else affecting the President is within his province. Thus, at the present time, Mr. Cortelyou is perfecting all the details for Mr. McKinley's trip to the South and West, and the transfer of the seat of government from Washington to a capital in a railroad train. It is a great undertaking to plan an itinerary which shall include practically the entire country; it requires executive ability of the highest order to make such arrangements that every one shall be comfortable, that, wherever the President may be, he shall be in constant touch with Washington, and it needs the utmost tact to refuse without offending those persons who have asked the privilege of accompanying



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU

the President. But all this Mr. Cortelyou has done, and done it well.

**NOTHING MORE STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATES THE** spirit of religious tolerance at the dawn of the twentieth century—in marked contrast to the fierce polemics of churchmen a century or two ago—than the meeting recently held in this city in memory of Baron and Baroness de Hirsch. The meeting was held in a Baptist church, in honor of two Jewish philanthropists, at which the chief address was made by a follower of Confucius, a Jewish rabbi offered prayer, a Baptist read from the Old Testament, and speeches were made by representatives of nearly every other creed. Naturally the chief figure was the Chinese Minister, Wu Ting-Fang, who always attracts attention whatever the occasion at which he is present. A truly remarkable man is this Pagan who has come among Christians to show them by precept and example the superiority of his creed over that of the barbarians among whom he lives. Mr. Wu possesses the rare gift of being able to adapt himself to his audience. He can be witty or sarcastic, serious or playful as the occasion demands. At the Hirsch meeting he quoted Confucius, but he did it exactly as any clergyman might have quoted one of the Greek philosophers, and his address was so gracefully worded that it could not have offended the most sensitive Christian or the most zealous supporter of the missionary cause. Mr. Wu, it would be fair to presume, is not a typical specimen of his race, and is vastly superior intellectually and morally to his countrymen, and yet there is abundant testimony to show that the educated Chinaman is a man to be respected, and the Ministers who have represented China in Washington have always been men of the highest ability and integrity, who have been absolutely frank in all of their dealings, and who have shown none of that duplicity and evasion popularly supposed to be the heritage of the Oriental. Perhaps, after all, we have been mistaken, perhaps we should invite the Chinese to send their missionaries to teach us some of the virtues to which we are strangers. This might induce us to have a more charitable opinion of people whose point of view, though not ours, is not necessarily wrong.



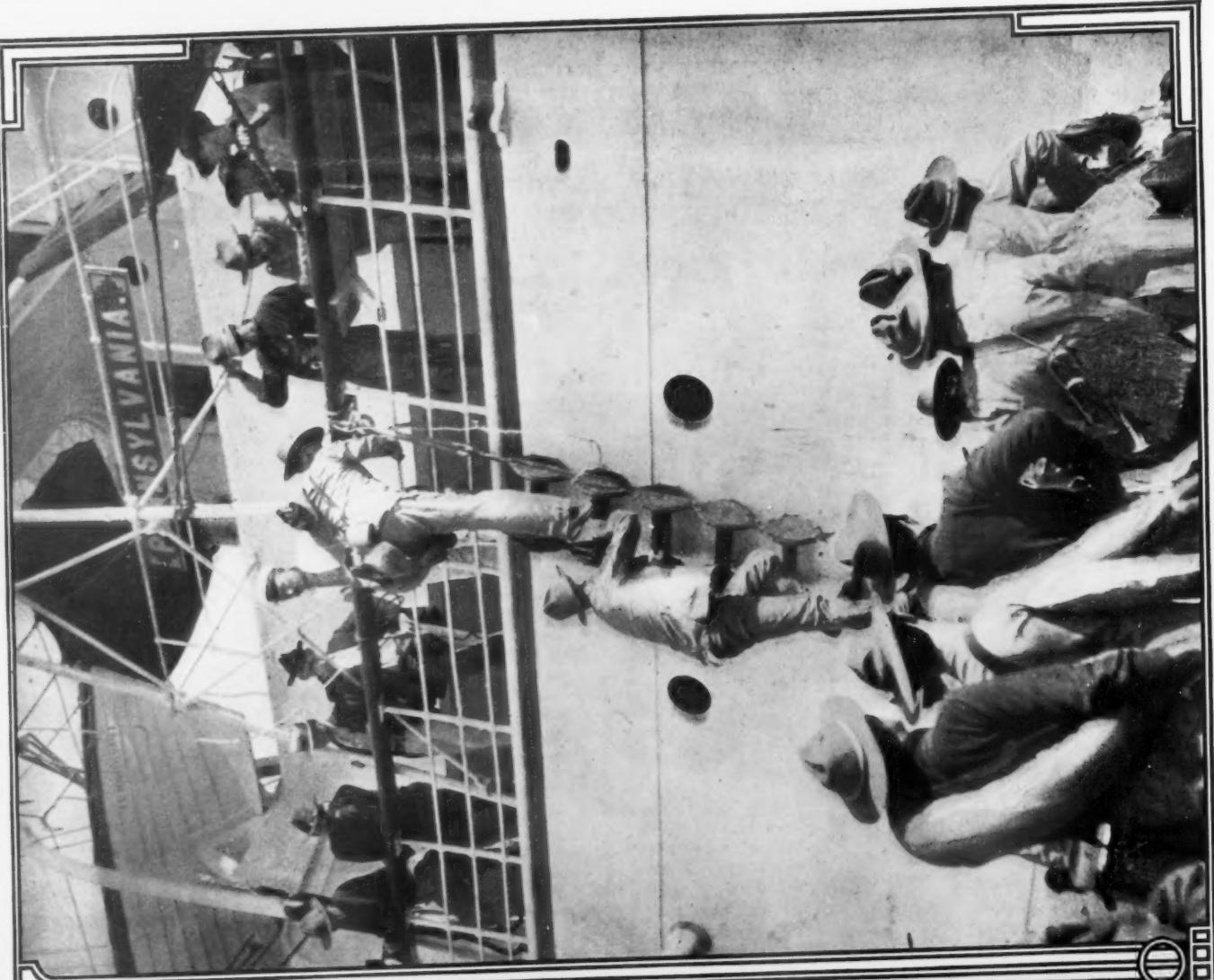
WU TING-FANG

**WHEN THE IMPARTIAL HISTORIAN COMES TO** write the history of the war with Spain he will do full justice to the great services rendered by Major-General Corbin, the Adjutant-General of the army, whose arduous labors few persons outside of the War Department know or appreciate. It is the fighting man who is always the hero; the man who leads a dashing charge or who plans the campaign is the popular idol for the time being, but no one ever pauses to think that the campaign could not have been successfully carried out if men and material had not been provided. When war was declared against Spain the United States found itself with the skeleton of an army. It devolved upon General Corbin to breathe the breath of life into the skeleton, to recruit and bring into the service of the country regiment after regiment, to equip, organize and discipline the thousands which at one time seemed necessary to enforce the mandate of the United States. And the work was well done. In other places mistakes may have been made, but the celerity and the lack of friction that characterized the creation of the army aroused the admiration of the world. With peace came the discharge of the volunteers, and then came the creation of another army to meet new requirements and the act of Congress providing for a reorganization of the land forces. For a second time this work has gone on without attracting much attention, and the places of volunteers returning from the Philippines have been taken by regulars without noise or confusion. A successful commander, whether in the field or the office, must be a man of iron determination, proved courage, able to rapidly reach a decision, and ignorant of the meaning of fatigue. All these qualities General Corbin possesses, which explains why both President McKinley and Secretary Root rely on his judgment and advice. He will shortly accompany Secretary Root to the Philippines. The Secretary, who goes there to observe existing conditions, takes General Corbin with him so as to have the benefit of his military advice as well as to profit by his keen insight into affairs.



GENERAL CORBIN

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. E. WALKER



UNITED STATES TROOPS "HIKING" OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTHERN LUZON & THE LAST OF THE VOLUNTEER REGIMENTS LEAVING MANILA TO RETURN HOME



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## REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS

A PLAIN EXPOSITION OF THE MERITS OF THE TRAINED SOLDIER  
AND THE VOLUNTEER—THE RELATIVE VALUE OF EACH. HOW  
REGULARS AND CITIZENS ARE MADE EFFECTIVE WARRIORS

BY

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES,

Commanding the United States Army



NELSON A. MILES

**I**N RESPONSE to your request for the expression of a few thoughts concerning the merits of the trained soldier and the volunteer, I would say that both possess most excellent and valuable qualities, and they are both indispensable to the welfare and happiness of the entire people and the nation.

The science of war has attracted and absorbed the attention of mankind from the earliest ages, or from the days of the sling, the battle-axe and the short sword to the age of electricity, steam power, wireless telegraphy, high explosives, machine guns, modern battleships, and guns of enormous size and great destructive power. While the appliances used in war have undergone great changes, the principles of that science remain practically the same.

The trained soldier devotes the best energies of his life in acquiring a thorough knowledge of the art, making himself as efficient as possible, so that he may be able to apply that knowledge when most needed for the welfare and defence of his country and to ensure its perpetuity. While in time of peace the volunteer is devoted to his profession, business, or the varied industries of life, in time of emergency, or when the nation requires it, he leaves all personal considerations behind him and gives his services to his country. In a republic like ours, both are loyal citizens, both are earnest patriots, and both are volunteers in the sense that, regardless of the dangers or the sacrifice involved, they devote their best endeavors, and, if need be, their lives, to the service of their country.

### WHY CITIZEN SOLDIERY IS NECESSARY

In several countries under monarchical government, especially where they are in close proximity to each other, it has been deemed for the best interests of the state to require a large proportion of the able-bodied male population of a certain age to become drilled and trained soldiers. In general, where such a rule is in force, the young man is first required to serve a certain number of years with the regiments; after that he must serve a limited time during each year for several years with the colors, and from that time until he ceases to be of suitable age he constitutes part of the grand reserve of the military force of the nation. It has been claimed by some authorities that this experience, aside from its necessity in preserving the safety and strength of the nation, is beneficial to the man during life, in that the young man is taught discipline, respect for superiors, habits of obedience to lawful authority, habits of regularity of life, and is required to exercise self-control and to practice the most rigid rules for the development of his strength and the preservation of his health.

In a republic like ours, however, all of this service is voluntary, for when a man enters the military profession, whether it be to devote his life to the service, or whether he enters it at a time of great emergency for a brief period, he accepts cheerfully of his own accord the obligations imposed.

### MILITARY OBLIGATIONS OF CIVILIANS

Under the Constitution, Congress is authorized to declare war, to raise and support armies, to provide for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections and repel invasions, and to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia, and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States. Under the authority thus given, Congress has enacted that every able-bodied male citizen of the respective States, resident therein, who is of the age of eighteen years, and under the age of forty-five years, shall be enrolled in the militia.

There have been some occasions when the emergency has been so serious and pressing that the national government was compelled to declare martial law over a great portion of the country, suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and for a brief time make military service compulsory, but such meas-

ures have only been resorted to on extraordinary occasions. In all our country's wars, extending over a period of more than a hundred years, there has scarcely ever been a time when there was not a sufficient number of patriotic, self-sacrificing men who were willing to enlist, either in the regular establishment or in volunteer organizations, and serve their country in any capacity required.

### REGULARS AND VOLUNTEERS

In our country the two classes of national defenders, regulars and volunteers, are absolutely essential, and from the earliest days both have received the careful attention of the people and the lawgivers. It was one of the wise admonitions of Washington that measures should be taken for the purpose of maintaining and instructing a thoroughly equipped military force, to be kept constantly in the service of the government. He also advocated having a well organized and equipped militia force that would be available in an emergency for the defence or preservation of the nation.

It is ill-advised to disparage the necessity for, or the merits of either, or to make invidious comparisons. By their valor, heroism and sacrifice, both have established and maintained the honor and glory of the great Republic for more than a century. In this and in other countries the two classes have rendered most valiant service, and in both can be found the names of illustrious men whose achievements have shaped the destinies of the world. In one class will be found men who have had the advantage of a thorough military education, and who have been especially trained for war; and in the other there are men who did not in their youth have such military advantages, and yet who demonstrated that they possessed most eminent military qualities. In the first class will be found such names as Alexander, Hannibal, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Wellington, Blücher, Von Moltke, Grant, Sherman, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Meade, Sheridan, Thomas, McPherson and many others; and in the latter class are the names of Julius Caesar, Cromwell, Washington, Ney, the Duke of Marlborough, Scott, Andrew Jackson, Zachary Taylor and many others.

### TRAINING U. S. AND U. S. V. SOLDIERS

Those who have been engaged in the military service might be classified into three divisions. First, he who in his boyhood is reared, trained and disciplined to the profession of arms, where the influence, experience and prestige of the paternal or professional instructor is directed toward developing the boy's military talents, and the boy in his youth has all the advantages of acquaintance with, observation of, and, possibly, experience in the actual conditions of war.

The second class includes the boy who enters the modern military academy, where the history, the theory, and the tactical application and illustration of the art of war are demonstrated in every possible way, and where the boy receives such instruction as enables him to apply the principles of the science to the varied conditions of actual warfare. At the same time his mental and physical instruction is of such a character as to best prepare him for the rigid and exacting requirements of the service.

The third class is composed of those men who possess the courage and natural qualifications most essential for those in the military service, who have not had paternal or academic instruction, yet who possess all the enthusiasm, patience, fortitude and gallantry that prompt them to seek the field of carnage and do battle for the cause of their country.

### WHEN THE VOLUNTEER WAS EFFECTIVE

There was a time in the history of our country when the citizen could be easily transformed into an effective warrior, and never more clearly was this demonstrated than in the experience of our fathers in the Revolutionary War, as a result of which this Republic was established. Descending from a race of frontiersmen who had been contending against wily and desperate savages, they were skilled in the methods of warfare as practiced at that time. The hunter, experienced in the craft essential for the pursuit and capture of game or for conflict with the savage, skilled in land-craft, at home in forest or field, an unerring rifleman, became a formidable enemy and readily endured the hardships, privations and dangers of long and severe campaigns. There were thousands of such men, led by such heroes as Greene, Stark, Putnam, Allen, Lee, Marion, Wayne, Montgomery, St. Clair, Knox, Moultrie and Morgan, and yet Washington, with all his frontier and military experience, felt the necessity of having thoroughly educated and trained soldiers, and urged the employment and had the assistance of such foreign officers as

Lafayette, Steuben, De Kalb, Pulaski, Kosciuszko, Bernard, Duportail and others, whose education and experience in the military schools and armies of Europe was of inestimable value to the Colonial army and the cause of liberty.

### "THE BEST SCHOOL FOR WAR IS WAR"

It is sometimes difficult to make a distinction between the regular soldier and the volunteer, for the latter in time and under efficient officers becomes a thoroughly well instructed and well trained soldier. It is true that the regular is a volunteer; and there is no definite time at which the volunteer may not become like the regular.

Sherman said that "the best school for war is war." No nation or government, however, can afford to jeopardize its welfare or its existence by waiting until actual war occurs, when its patriotic citizens will have to be molded by discipline, instruction and experience so as to enable them to defend the honor of the nation.

It is true that "the best school for war is war," yet it is the most expensive school in life and treasure. We can only comprehend what war really is when we picture great bodies of men of comparatively equal proportions, equipped as modern armies are equipped, contending against each other on the field of battle.

To organize a great army, with its infantry, cavalry and artillery, transportation, equipment, supplies, and various departments, thoroughly instructing the various units so that when engaged in battle every company, battery, troop, regiment, brigade, division and corps, as well as the cumbersome trains, can be manoeuvred on the field of battle and in the active campaign like one great piece of machinery against another army equally well organized, disciplined, instructed and drilled, requires years of preparation, the most careful instruction, and most thorough devotion to every detail, in order to make it successful and to preserve the existence of the state.

### THE WORLD WAR-MAD

There never was a time when more men were engaged in the profession of arms, or when nations expended so much treasure in their equipment for war, than in the present day. All the appliances of war have changed during the last fifty years, and where one nation keeps pace with the discoveries and inventions of the age and sustains its military schools and thoroughly drilled military forces, utilizing those modern appliances which are now indispensable, it compels other nations to devote serious attention to the instruction and equipment of its own forces, or suffer national humiliation and, possibly, disaster. This is illustrated in the condition of that great empire, embracing four hundred millions of people, at the present time being at the mercy of much smaller countries equipped with thoroughly disciplined and instructed military forces using the modern engines of war.

In the present day officers and soldiers are required to have a knowledge of such intricate and technical subjects that it would be impossible to adequately describe them in a brief article.

### "FOOD FOR POWDER"

A large proportion of the people of every country are patriotic and brave, and yet their defenders become simply food for powder in the event of sudden war unless they have proper military knowledge and are equipped with modern appliances. Therefore it is wise and judicious that every nation, mindful of its welfare and safety, should have a reasonable percentage of its male population carefully and thoroughly instructed and trained in the use of the appliances of war that are now adopted by every civilized nation. Hence, every care should be taken that our regular military establishment should be thoroughly organized, instructed and equipped in every department, and that the young men who are selected for military service should be instructed in the principles of our government, their sacred obligations to those supreme authorities who are intrusted with its welfare and perpetuity, and they should be made thoroughly familiar with the principles of strategy, the principles of minor and grand tactics, the use of all the modern engines of war, and, as far as possible, with the art and science of war in all its branches. They should have the earnest support, encouragement and gratitude of the people in the service of whose government they pledge themselves to devote their best efforts and their lives. At the same time, every encouragement should be given to and honor bestowed upon those patriotic citizens who hold themselves in readiness to volunteer their services when any national danger threatens, develop their manly strength, their intelligence and lives to the service of their country.

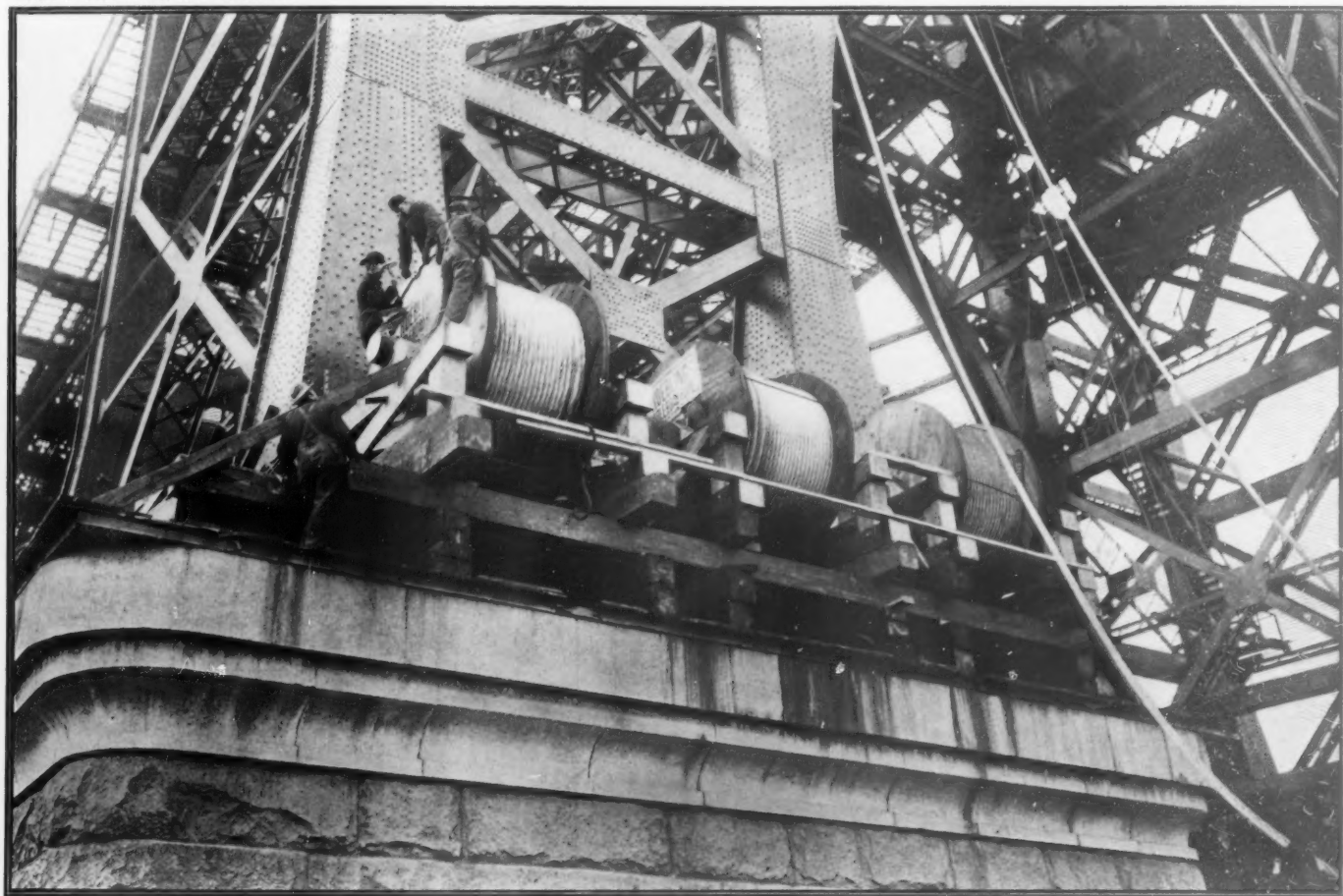


DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS

WITH THE "RIGGERS" ON THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE



PICTURE BY JAMES H. MADE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



CABLE SPOOLS ON THE PIER-HEADS READY FOR STRINGING THE WIRES BETWEEN NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN

## BUILDING THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE

By O. F. NICHOLS, Assistant and Acting Engineer



OLYMPIA was a settlement on Long Island in which a boom had been started in building lots. Was this last year? Why, certainly not! It was in the year 1800, when Brooklyn Village was a mile from the ferry and Olympia was located on the East River and Wallabout Bay and had its centre very near the southern terminus of the New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

Twelve years afterward, Thomas Morrell established a ferry from Corlears Hook, at the northeast of New York City, to Yorktown, a rival of the slightly older settlement of Williamsburgh and located quite near the Brooklyn terminus of the new East River Bridge. The road from Olympia to Yorktown was a long and devious one, passing through the farms of sturdy Dutchmen, and on this road the traveller was required to open a dozen farm-gates and let down as many pairs of bars. New Yorkers seldom crossed the East River in those days and Long Islanders rarely went to Manhattan Island except to dispose of their farm products.

It is said that the receipts of all the ferries over the East River did not exceed one hundred dollars per day in 1834, when Brooklyn had become a city of two thousand people. It is now a borough of the metropolis, larger in area than the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx combined, and destined soon to have a population exceeding theirs in number. Last year about one hundred million people crossed the East River on ferries and about twenty per cent more than this crossed the single bridge now spanning the river.

In 1854 Williamsburgh and Brooklyn were consolidated into one city. In the winter of 1855-56 the East River was blocked for days and teams crossed on the ice. The certainty that the southern city would grow, and that the East River would prove the greatest hindrance to its development, should have called attention, as it doubtless did, to the necessity for a bridge.

### THE NECESSITY FOR A NEW BRIDGE

John A. Roebling, having finished his great suspension bridge at Niagara in 1855, in 1857 wrote Mr. Abram S. Hewitt proposing a suspension bridge over the East River; the bridge must be nearly twice as long as the one at Niagara or any other bridge that had ever then been built, and seemed at the time a stupendous undertaking. Not until the war had prepared us for large works was the structure seriously considered. It required thirteen years to complete it, but the elder Roebling did not live to see it finished; he died in 1869, from an injury sustained while making the original surveys.

The overcrowding of this bridge, which had come to be most inconvenient and dangerous, and has since grown worse, taken with the fact that Brooklyn is so shaped that a bridge constructed for the Eastern District will benefit quite one-half of the population of the present densely settled districts, doubtless led to the authorization of a second bridge in 1892. The hard times of 1892-94 in part prevented construction by a private company, and in 1895 the State Legislature directed the construction of this bridge at the joint expense of the two cities, and consolidation has made it a public work of the metropolis.

The construction of great bridges is, in many respects, facilitated by the improvements made since 1884, when the old bridge was completed. When that bridge was begun there had never been so much structural steel made in the world as was used in its construction; more than three times as much steel will be used in the new bridge, and it will be obtained without the serious difficulty and loss of time which attended the earlier work. In a recent contract for seventeen thousand tons of steel for the new structure there were at least five bidders, any one of whom was prepared to execute the work within a year, and the steel required was of a quality better than any that had ever before been produced in such large quantities for bridge purposes. All of the work on the old bridge was done by day's labor; on the new bridge all of the work will be done by contract, and all of the employees of the city engaged on the new bridge, including the Commissioners, do not greatly exceed in number the Trustees engaged on the earlier work.

### A HOME-MADE AERIAL ROADWAY

Twelve great contracts will be awarded for the work; eight of these have already been awarded, involving an expenditure of seven and a half million dollars, and work on them is either completed or well under way. In the order of award the existing contracts include: two for tower foundations, two for anchorages, one for the steel towers and end spans, one for the cables, and two for the steel and masonry approaches. The tower foundations, resting firmly on the solid rock, are entirely completed; the anchorages and the towers and end spans are completed as far as possible until the cables are finished. The contractor for the cables will build the foot-bridges within the next three months, and these will serve as continuous platforms, one under each of the four cables, from which to lay and adjust the cable wires. The main cables will each be eighteen inches in diameter and contain seven thousand steel wires laid straight and parallel with each other; these wires will be clamped together by cast-steel clamps which will also support the suspender ropes, which, in turn, will sustain the roadway. The steel for the wires will have a strength of two hundred pounds per square inch, and the entire actual pull on each cable will be about five thousand tons. Cable making is necessarily slow, as the wires must be laid two at a time; but it is expected that the cables will be finished by the end of the current year.

The contract for the suspended structure will be let very soon, and the remaining contracts—for paving, flooring and final painting—will probably be let during the present year. The year 1902 will see the bridge far advanced toward completion, and it will probably be opened for traffic during the

following year. Material for the bridge will come from all parts of the country: the steel—forty-five thousand tons—from Pennsylvania and the West, the timber—six and a half million feet—from the South, the limestone from New York State, the cement from Pennsylvania, and the granite from Maine and Massachusetts. This great aerial roadway will be decidedly home-made.

### WHERE LIVES HANG BY A THREAD

The immense structure has involved thousands of problems and experiences, not the least interesting of which are those dealing with the individual, and often reaching the greatest depths of human effort and endurance. The pneumatic process for sinking deep foundations was first used in this country in 1857, and has since been widely utilized for the foundations of great bridges and buildings. It is an extension of the methods used in the diving-bell and the diving-suit, and involves simple principles of natural philosophy. A caisson is simply a box-cover resting on its edges with a load placed on its top sufficient to sink it, air being forced in to keep the water out and allow the men to work. It displaces its own bulk of water, or material under water, and has a pressure of air at its lower edge, and all over its lower surface, corresponding to the depth of water which it displaces and measured in intensity by the weight of a column of water an inch square and equal in height to the depth reached. Now, a column of water an inch square and one foot high weighs 0.434 pounds; for a depth, therefore, of ten feet we get a pressure of 4.34 pounds, and for a depth of one hundred feet a pressure of 43.4 pounds per square inch, in addition to the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere.

The large caissons in this country are generally built of wood for convenience in building and handling, and for economy. They are built on shore and launched like a flat boat; towed into position and weighed down with concrete or masonry to and into the bed of the river. The caissons of the bridge were sixty by seventy-six feet in area and were about twenty feet high when launched; a deck or roof near the middle of this height covered the working chamber for the men and received the concrete for the loading and the pier; the side walls above and below the deck were heavily braced with timber. The north caisson on the Brooklyn side was built up and filled with concrete to a height of fifty-two feet above the lower or cutting edge; above this level the pier was built of stone masonry, a cofferdam extension of the caisson walls serving to keep the water from the masonry. This caisson landed on the bottom in about fifty-five feet of water.

### DOWN AMONG THE FISHES

Each caisson had a central steel shaft about six feet in diameter with an elevator which reached an air-lock at the bottom of the shaft. Several smaller shafts extended from the working chamber up through the masonry for the handling of materials, and several pipes were built in, in the same way—one for the admission of air to the chamber and the others for blowing out water and soft material which could be churned up into a semi-liquid form with water. Electric light wires, water-pipes and telephone-wires were admitted in the same manner.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22)

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON



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A CABLE TO THE PRESIDENT.—"Manila, March 27. General Funston has just returned from expedition to Palanan, Province of Isabella, where he captured Aguinaldo, who is now in my possession at Malacanan—MacArthur."

## THE CAPTURE OF AGUINALDO

By FREDERICK PALMER

ONE STATEMENT in the report of the capture of Aguinaldo particularly needs explanation. It tells how for seven months he had been living in a Filipino village much in the style of a mayor in Spanish days. Thus the fugitive, whom we had supposed was hiding in mountain caves and passing himself out and in through our lines in the garb of a woman, had a regular headquarters from which he issued orders and still kept up a show of pomp with a guard of fifty household troops in insurgent uniforms with blue trimmings.

How was this possible, it is asked, when sixty-five thousand soldiers were in pursuit of him? Why did not the army find out that he was in Palanan and go after him? For the very good reason that as soon as a dog begins to chase his tail the tail begins to retreat.

### AGUINALDO HIDING IN PALANAN

The situation of Palanan was admirably suited to Aguinaldo's purpose. It is across the mountain range from the bulk of the area of Luzon on the narrow strip of the west coast which is scantily populated. Approaching it from the west side of the mountains meant that a force must make its way through jungle and over steep ascents, carrying its food supply only with the greatest difficulty.

On the other hand, a party of marines landing from a cruiser could have reached Palanan within a few hours. But no insurgent outpost could fail to observe the approach of a ship. By the time that the boats were lowered, Aguinaldo, with his baggage and all the inhabitants, would have gone into the mountains. They uniforms of the household troops would have been turned inside out, and the little dictator might have turned humble carabao driver or even a beggar by the roadside.

A detachment of the Sixteenth Infantry which marched through Palanan once found it as empty as an opera house at eight o'clock in the morning. A few natives whom the officers dug out of hiding-places, when asked if they had seen Aguinaldo, removed their hats, bowed low, and, scratching their heads, asked who Aguinaldo was. Indeed, Aguinaldo had as fine a system of signals as the Chief of the New York Fire Department. Whenever an American soldier approached within certain limits, an alarm was immediately given. Every native within this sphere would lie to protect him or would furnish him food and shelter. The little dictator was quite right in his contention that he could never have been taken except by stratagem such as Funston employed.

Aguinaldo has stated to General Funston that he had never been in a battle in person. As he fought valiantly enough in the early days of the rebellion against the Spaniards in Cavite Province, this is not to be ascribed to cowardice. What he most feared is just what has happened. The value of his prestige in keeping alive the rebellion was realized by those around him. The loss of a general was of little account beside the loss of their prophet. To the last, helpless as he was to enforce his commands to the numerous guerilla leaders, they were very generally obeyed. Many of the leaders disliked him; but it was his talismanic name that wrung money for arms and supplies from the natives.

It is ridiculous to say that it would have been better to take him dead than alive. The dead Aguinaldo would have been a martyr. His portrait, which hangs in nipa huts beside that of the Virgin, would have been draped in black, with a crucifix set in front of it, and vengeance vowed against the Americans in the new insurrection to follow the withdrawal of our troops. Aguinaldo living is simply a man in jail in Manila. Already the volatile citizens of that metropolis are laughing over his predicament. The provinces are not so fickle. Their loyalty to their late leader will not pass in a day. Villagers and countrymen still regard him as little short of a god.

### THE FILIPINOS NOT SUBDUED

"I suppose, of course, we shall be whipped and shall have to accept American domination in the end," a little insurgent officer once said to me; "but that, however, does not mean that the rebellion has been fruitless. We have taught you that we are more than a few millions of 'damned niggers' to be exploited by any governor whom you choose to send out from Washington. We have made you realize how expensive it would be to hold these islands sheerly by force of arms. We have forced you to recognize our rights by sending Judge Taft to inaugurate a liberal policy."

Probably Aguinaldo could keep order in the Tagalog provinces with one-tenth the number of soldiers with which they are now garrisoned and at one-twentieth the expense, including his salary, a coach and four and enough gold braid to satisfy his vanity. Any honor which he received at our hands would be as satisfying to the pride of the natives as to his own. For the Filipinos are a proud people. Nothing flatters their vanity so much as any suggestion of equality with a white man. If we had opened the ranks of our army to Filipino recruits two months before the outbreak of the

rebellion, we could have had half of Aguinaldo's force. His appointment to a governorship would be an earnest of our intention to give the people some measure of self-government under their own leaders. Thus far, they have regarded our promises more or less in the light of Spanish proclamations.

General Funston ought to feel kindly toward Aguinaldo for being such an important personage that his capture is worth a brigadiership. The general is now the youngest brigadier in the regulars by ten years. The average line officer in the army at his age is not above the grade of captain. Younger than either Bell or Wood, the other two "baby" brigadiers, unlike them he is not a regular to begin with.

### FUNSTON WON BY HARD WORK

All that Funston has won has been by the sheerest hard work. From the first he had more or less of a false reputation at home, where the people thought that he was a howling dare-devil of a Kansan who swam rivers under fire.

Upon his return to the Philippines after going home with the Kansas regiment, he was given the great district around San Isidro, which had already been occupied by our troops. The work of reconstruction was not to his taste. He found it all the more irksome when sharp fighting was still going on in other parts of the archipelago. It was then, so far as the army is concerned, that he laid the ghost of his reputation as a mere swimmer of rivers, by learning Tagalog, studying native manners and customs and making the big provinces of Nueva Ecija, Principe and Nueva Viscaya, with the small force at his command, among the most peaceful in the island.

The natives came to call him "the little night horse" because of his activity. He organized a fine native intelligence bureau and a score of scouts mounted on native ponies, which he laughingly called his "household cavalry." Whenever the intelligence department brought news that a band of natives with rifles were gathering in a certain place, Funston with his scouts would sweep down on them. In short, his assignment to San Isidro showed how impossible it is to down an energetic man. His provinces joined those in which Aguinaldo had his headquarters. When one day he captured letters showing exactly where Aguinaldo was, if General MacArthur was willing it was certain that either Aguinaldo would be taken or Funston would die in the attempt. The prestige of his great reputation among the natives was the talisman which made the ex-insurgents who accompanied him loyal to him. He is a great little man.



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# WHY AGUINALDO REBELLED

By EDWARD SPENCER PRATT

LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER TO PERSIA  
AND CONSUL-GENERAL AT SINGAPORE

EDWARD SPENCER PRATT

**HONORABLE EDWARD SPENCER PRATT** is a native of Alabama, but was educated abroad, mainly in France. He has travelled extensively throughout Europe and Asia and has had vast diplomatic experience. He was Minister to Persia from 1886 to 1891, and from 1893 to 1899 Consul-General at Singapore. It was in this latter post that he distinguished himself during the war with Spain by keeping our Government posted as to the movements of the enemy in that quarter, and by bringing the Filipino leader, Aguinaldo, into direct relations with Admiral Dewey, then commander of our Asiatic Squadron. It is thought by many that if the affair had been left to Mr. Pratt, trouble between ourselves and the Filipinos would have been averted, or at least greatly modified in its subsequent demonstration.

**N**OW THAT AGUINALDO—who from an ally we converted into a foe—has, by treachery, fallen a prisoner into our hands, the question arises how we are to deal with him and how with the situation.

To decide this it is important to consider, first, the circumstances under which, through their leader, we came originally to be associated with the so-called Filipino insurgents, and, next, in what manner and by what means that association was subsequently severed.

In April, 1898, on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain, I found myself, as Consul-General at Singapore, unprovided, strange to say, with anything in the nature of specific instructions.

Apparently those at the helm of State at Washington had failed to recognize the strategic position of the place relative to the Philippines, and that between these and the Spanish peninsula it was and—even in the event of the fall of Manila—would continue to be the direct point of communication.

In other words, the framers of the nation's destinies were here, as on the occasion of the signing of the treaty of Paris, not altogether happy in their geography.

## ORGANIZING A SECRET SERVICE

Left to act entirely upon my own initiative, I proceeded to organize a special secret service, by means of which I was enabled to procure information which Admiral Dewey and the Navy Department pronounced as most valuable, and which, if judiciously availed of, would have enabled us to capture Spain's finest transports, besides putting a stop to the intercourse which, as it was, she continued to keep up with her southern Philippine posts until practically the close of the war.

It was on the evening of Saturday, April 23, 1898, that through Mr. Howard Bray, an Englishman long resident in the Philippines, I was confidentially informed of the arrival, incognito, at Singapore, of General Emilio Aguinaldo, supreme leader of the Filipinos in the last insurrection against Spain.

Cognizant of the influence which General Aguinaldo was known still to exert over his people, and believing that he could furnish me with data especially important to us at that juncture, I determined to see him at once, and an interview was accordingly arranged for the following morning, Sunday, April 24.

The time was ten o'clock; the place of rendezvous a great weird-looking old suburban house called "The Mansion," which among the natives enjoyed the reputation of being haunted.

At the entrance I was met by two Filipinos, who, after a brief whispered consultation in Tagalog, conducted me up a broad flight of steps to the second floor, where I was ushered into a spacious apartment, with a window, I remember, extending almost the entire length of one side, overlooking a grove of palms.

It was here that I saw Aguinaldo for the first time.

## AGUINALDO BEFORE THE INSURRECTION

I found him to be a man of something under the medium height, of slight but wiry build, with the small delicate features characteristic of the Tagalog branch of the Malay race, and eyes which suggested the Japanese, as did the impetuous expression of his face when in repose.

His manner was courteous and refined, his bearing digni-

fied, and when he spoke it was in a low tone and in the Spanish of the educated class.

There were present on the occasion, besides the General and myself, Colonel M. H. del Pilar, his aide-de-camp; Senor J. Leyba, his private secretary; Dr. Santos, an intimate friend, and Mr. Bray, who had volunteered to act as interpreter.

Aguinaldo explained to me at length the incidents and objects of the late rebellion in the Philippines, the existing unsatisfactory conditions in the islands, and the causes which had led to the renewal of the insurrectionary movement, of which, though absent, he was evidently the guiding spirit.

He then asked me if, after destroying the Spanish fleet, which he seemed to think there would be no difficulty in doing, we intended to make an attack upon Manila.

I said I did not know, but that in view of such a contingency I should like him to give me what information he could about the defences of the place and their condition.

It was then that he revealed himself in his true light.

Calling for a map of Manila and the bay, he spread it out on a table between us, and, running over it with his fingers as over the keys of a piano, pointed out to me in rapid succession the different fortifications and intrenchments, explaining as he went their state and actual strength, and then, suddenly stopping, put his pencil upon a certain spot and exclaimed:

## THE OCCASION AND THE MAN

"But your people need not trouble about taking these fortified works. Tell them to make for that point. It commands the situation. From there they can cut off the water supply and the city is at their mercy."

I said to myself, "This is the man for the occasion. His assistance can immensely facilitate our task. It is my duty, if possible, to secure it."

Thereupon I proceeded to point out to Aguinaldo the danger of continuing independent action at that stage. Having convinced him of this and of the expediency of co-operating with our fleet, then at Hong Kong, and obtained the assurance of his willingness to proceed thither and confer with Admiral, then Commodore, Dewey to that end, should the latter so desire, I hurried back to my quarters and, through the United States Consul-General at Hong Kong, telegraphed the Commodore as follows:

"Aguinaldo, insurgent leader, here. Will come Hong Kong—arrange with Commodore for general co-operation in insurgents Manila if desired. Telegraph."

That night at between eleven and twelve o'clock I received a telegram from the Commodore in reply, reading thus:

"Tell Aguinaldo come as soon as possible."

The substance of the Commodore's telegram I immediately communicated to the General, and asked that he come and see me the following morning, when it was arranged that he should leave for Hong Kong on the British steamer *Malacca* on Tuesday, the 26th, which he did, accompanied by his private secretary and aides-de-camp.

## AGUINALDO TRUSTED THE UNITED STATES

In these interviews, when questioned by Aguinaldo as to the policy of the United States with regard to the Philippines, I told him that this was a subject upon which I was not informed, and which I had no right to discuss. From the way he expressed himself, however, I realized that he already had in mind an independent government in the Philippines, and only feared lest the United States should abandon the islands before such a government could be established, never apparently dreaming that we had any intention of permanently occupying the islands ourselves. This is shown in my despatch of April 30, 1898, to Mr. Day, then Secretary of State, in which I said that he, Aguinaldo, stated that "he hoped the United States would assume protection of the Philippines for at least long enough to allow the inhabitants to establish a government of their own, in the organization of which he would desire American advice and assistance." In repeating the above, I am revealing no State secrets, for the despatch in question has been made public by the Department of State itself.

When Aguinaldo arrived at Hong Kong the American fleet had already left for the Philippines. The government at Washington, having been previously advised by me by cable of his (Aguinaldo's) departure from Singapore and its object, could therefore, had they seen fit, have instructed Commodore Dewey not to aid him in returning to the Philippines, or if he returned there of his own accord not to have any dealings with him which would place our forces and his in the position before the world of *de facto* allies and auxiliaries, operating in accord the one with the other against a common enemy.

## WHY WE ARMED THE INSURGENTS

No such orders, however, were evidently sent the Commodore, for we see that the United States cruiser *McCulloch*, by his orders, brought Aguinaldo and his staff to Cavite, where they arrived on May 19, and where it appeared that, after conference with the Commodore, Aguinaldo landed, and, being

furnished by us with arms and ammunition from the Cavite arsenal, proceeded to organize the forces with which he so thoroughly prepared the way for our subsequent capture of Manila, making himself master of the entire island of Luzon with the exception of that city. In the report of the Philippines Commission, there is stated, on pages 172-173, the following: "On the arrival of the troops commanded by General Anderson at Cavite, Aguinaldo was requested by Admiral Dewey to evacuate the place, and he moved his troops to the neighboring town of Bacoor. Now," continues the report, "for the first time arose the idea of national independence." How the Commission could have made such an assertion I cannot imagine, for my despatch of the 30th of April, 1898, already referred to, plainly showed that Aguinaldo had the idea of national independence before ever meeting with Commodore Dewey and previous to the latter's attack upon the Spanish fleet.

Further on, the same report says: "Upon landing and joining the troops at Camp Dewey, Brigadier-General Anderson, the ranking Brigadier-General, assumed command of the division. Shortly afterward, upon the arrival of General Merritt, the insurgents were notified that our troops intended to commence operations against Manila, and would establish a line of works commencing at their base and extending east in front of the outposts then maintained by them. This movement was not received kindly by the Filipinos, but on the establishment of our line on their front they gradually retired. There were no conferences between the officers of the Filipinos and our officers with a view of operating against the Spanish, nor was there any co-operation of any kind between the respective forces, and the relations between the two forces were strained from the beginning. Upon our landing they furnished our forces no protection nor support."

## OUR CO-OPERATION WITH THE FILIPINOS

Now I have been positively assured by American officers on the spot, and I think that General Anderson himself will declare as much, that there were repeated conferences between the officers of the Filipinos and our officers, etc.; that there was constant co-operation between the respective forces; that the relations between the two forces were at the beginning most friendly, and that upon our landing they did furnish our forces with both protection and support. Yet notwithstanding our repeated provocations of the Filipinos in compelling them to abandon the various positions which they held, and not allowing them to act jointly with us in the capture of Manila and its garrison, which latter but for them could have easily withdrawn beyond the guns of our fleet to an almost impregnable position, they, the Filipinos, continued to trust our according them the rights for which we knew they were contending until the President's proclamation of December 21, 1898, issued in Iloilo on January 5, 1899, gave them to understand that we proposed to disregard their claims and treat them as a subject race.

It is not strange that this should have elicited from Aguinaldo the protest that it did, and that he should have urged his people to resist and contend for the rights which, if not by direct promise, at least by open acts, our government had caused them and caused the world to believe they would be accorded. The conclusions that I have been forced to arrive at, after very careful investigation, and from the evidence not of Filipinos, but of Americans who were in the best position to know the facts, are these:

## A SCATHING ARRAIGNMENT

First, that there was never the necessity of misunderstanding, much less of conflict, between the Filipinos and ourselves.

Second, that the misunderstanding which preceded the conflict was due to our action in making use of the Filipinos against the Spaniards in every way that we possibly could, and when we thought that we could safely dispense with their aid and assistance coolly ignoring them. This was certainly enough to have incited any people to retaliatory measures.

The actual conflict, however, between ourselves and the Filipinos was started not by them, but by us, for it was our sentries who on the fourth of February fired the first shot. But even after the conflict had begun it could have been stopped, and certainly Aguinaldo was anxious that it should be, for it is well known that three days later he sent word to General Otis that the attack on the part of his troops had been made contrary to orders, and requested a cessation of hostilities. This General Otis refused, saying in substance that they had begun the fight and he would finish it.

The capture and submission of Aguinaldo does not necessarily mean the termination of the troubles which we have brought upon ourselves in the Philippines.

The cause there is a national one; not that of an individual. It can find a leader to replace Aguinaldo as it found Aguinaldo to replace the martyred Rizal.

There may be a temporary cessation of hostilities, an apparent, even general, acquiescence in alien American rule.

But the spark of independence has been kindled in the hearts of the people and will there remain, ready at any time to be fanned into flame.

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## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PICTURE PAPERS

By ALFRED HARMSWORTH



ALFRED HARMSWORTH

ALFRED HARMSWORTH, the "boy publisher of England," wrote this article for COLLIER'S just before his recent departure for home, after three months of travel in this country. He is the publisher of more periodicals than any other individual in the world. Twenty-three weeklies, several monthlies, and four dailies, over thirty publications in all—this is the sum of his thirteen years' work in journalism. In 1897, alone, he added to his already long list ten new weeklies and two new daily newspapers, including the London Daily Mail, which is to-day forcing a revolution in newspaper methods in England. From William Ingram, owner of Illustrated London News, Harmsworth, serving as a sub-editor, got his first lessons in journalism. He resolved to publish a paper for the multitude. In "Answers" he announced the unprecedented prize of one pound sterling a week for life, to the person who made the nearest guess to the amount of cash in the Bank of England at the close of business on a certain day. He received 718,000 guesses, and each guesser had to send Harmsworth the name and address of five of his friends. At nineteen Harmsworth was a free-lance of London, dependent upon his pen for bread. At twenty-five he was a millionaire. His thirty-fifth birthday is yet to come. Genius in the projection of novel publishing schemes—not the gods, but everlasting work, gave him this gift.

ON BOTH SIDES the Atlantic, simultaneously, there have been interesting and important developments in weekly pictorial journalism. Together, English and American editors have fought the "seven-day fight" with the dailies and monthlies, until now hostilities have reached a point at which it can be said fairly that some of the generals of the blue pencil have achieved a kind of triumph.

In England, through two or three decades, it looked as if we were never to have more than two successful illustrated weekly newspapers—the "Illustrated London News," established by William Ingram, the father of English pictorial journalism, and the "Graphic," founded in 1870 by Mr. Thomas.

### PUBLIC TAKEN BY STORM

In the later nineties there was a sudden and quick forward movement in this field in England. "This thing ought to, and shall, succeed," seemed to be in the minds of publishers and editors. Capital, hitherto brave enough up to a certain figure, now dashingly extended the limits to which it would go, and investments were made in amounts which until then were not even dreamed of as possible in this branch of journalism. Artists and writers of the first class were engaged; skilled men were placed in charge of the mechanical departments, with the result that the "picture papers," as we call them, presented such a high degree of literary and artistic excellence that they could no longer be ignored or kept out. The market was forced. The public of Great Britain was taken by storm. People bought the picture papers, perceiving that here they could read as they ran. In these journals they could see the people, the places and the happenings that figured in the comedies, dramas, tragedies of the news, as well as read about them. Money—and men who knew how best to spend it—had "made the mare go."

So great was the activity that the two original publications not only held fast, but increased their circulation; and to their number was added "Black and White," "The Sketch," "The Sphere," the newly developed "Sporting and Dramatic," "The King," "Country Life Illustrated," and others. "Country Life" is to-day undoubtedly the best produced illustrated weekly newspaper, so far as artistic and mechanical make-

up are concerned, in the world. Each of the other five periodicals just named, indeed, has now a very large circulation, their combined weekly output, at ordinary times, reaching to one-half to three-quarters of a million copies.

### SUDDEN DEVELOPMENT A SURPRISE

To the closest student of journalism this sudden development of an apparently well-filled field, not only in London, but in New York as well, was, and is still, a surprise. When I was last in the United States, seven years ago, the New York illustrated papers seemed even then to have attained to the utmost limit of demand. But with the development of pictorial journalism in England there has been a corresponding call for more and still more periodicals of this kind in this country. You have now a large number of established weeklies in New York, Boston, Brooklyn, Chicago, San Francisco, and, as if these were not enough, your newspapers in all the large cities issue special Saturday night half-tone supplements, or Sunday pictorial magazine sections.

At the time of my previous visit, COLLIER'S WEEKLY in its present form was non-existent. Though published by its present owner, it was known as "Once a Week," and was an illustrated weekly magazine, rather than a record of current events as now. About three years ago I heard of its sudden leap into popularity, and during the Spanish-American War found many admirable copies of it on my desk. Since then I have taken all the more interest in it because Julian Ralph, who is its London correspondent, is also on the staff of the London "Daily Mail." Until I came to the States for my present visit, however, I had no conception that your public, like ours, was exhibiting so pressing a demand for picture papers.

Now, how to account for this demand? I confess the task of finding the key to the situation was beyond my ability. Exactly why the great public should want a series of weekly illustrated journals sandwiched in between hundreds of dailies and a score of monthly magazines was "one of those things which no fellow can understand," as Lord Dunsyre said.

### THE CRY FOR ACCURACY

During my recent travels in this country, covering several thousand miles of railway, I was struck by the very evident fact that the better class of readers think no journey complete unless they possess one or more of these illustrated weeklies.

One reason for this state of affairs may be found in the increasing, almost universal, demand in the United States for more accurate information. I cannot believe that so shrewd a people as the Americans will continue to tolerate the haste and mistakes which mar the brilliancy of their daily newspapers.

Hasty daily journalism has created a nation of doubting Thomases. "I wonder if it is true?" or "That's only newspaper talk," are constantly in the minds of daily newspaper readers. They have discovered that the details of news stories, printed as gospel truth, are too often merely Jules Verne facts—the vivid imaginings of well-paid pens. Readers have discovered that for the sake of novelty, picturesque effect and sensationalism, accuracy has been sacrificed. They have learned that in some newspaper offices, when the details of a twenty-word news cablegram, for instance, are not known, enough is "guessed" to make the story cover half a column. To offset this haste and inaccuracy appears to be the province of the American weekly newspaper.

The representative of a daily who is sent, let us say, to a foreign country to "cover" an event of deep significance, is expected to cable the whole story the very day of his arrival. Superficiality is bound to characterize such a report. On the other hand, the representative of a weekly journal, sent to the same place to get the same story, is given time to get at the basis of facts, to find hidden truths. Not until he is master of the situation is he asked or expected to put the story on paper.

### CUBA AND THE DAILY PAPERS

Take the Cuban question, for example. Nearly three months have passed since I planted foot on American soil.

Ever since that very day, I have been laboriously endeavoring to ascertain the truth about Cuba. Do the Cubans want their island annexed to the United States, or do they not? The more I read on this subject in the daily papers, the more confused become my ideas concerning it. Annexation or independence?—from the daily papers I have not yet been able to gather an intelligent idea of which of these the Cubans most desire as a people.

In the carefully prepared articles in the weekly journals, however, written by men who have really taken the pulse of the people, I feel that I am getting at least a glimmering of the truth. I cite this as an example of one of the possible reasons why illustrated weekly newspapers are increasing in force here.

### AMERICAN PICTURE PAPERS LEAD

Another thing that helps to account for the support of your kind of journalism is the modern demand for pictures—for the actual, as exemplified in photographs and for the artistic as evinced by the finished drawing. In both of these departments of journalistic work, in monthlies as well as weeklies, the Americans are at this moment, in my opinion, leading the world.

I make one exception in favor of the English weekly before referred to, "Country Life." There are, it is true, very beautiful French and German illustrated weekly periodicals, but these can scarcely be called newspapers in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word.

Yet another reason for the demand and the success of the weekly is the improved public taste. Again, people nowadays spend more money for periodical literature than ever before. A few years ago a shilling or two, a quarter or so, was the total weekly amount the average citizen deemed worth spending for ephemeral reading matter. But to-day it is a poor household indeed in which the various members, from grandfather to schoolgirl, do not pay out as much for journals in a week as they used to spend in a month.

Once more, the rise of the pictorial newspaper has been helped along by the spirit of trade, by commercial enterprise. The man with something to sell sees in the weekly a midway-counter between the daily and the monthly for the display of his wares. The seal of the people's approval of a weekly is the patronage of the advertiser in the form of English sovereigns and American dollars.

An illustrated weekly newspaper lies about in a house for seven days at least. It is read by every member of a family. With us, in England, it is afterward posted to India, Australia, Canada, to the absent one of the family circle wherever he or she may be; while in your case the weekly is perhaps eventually mailed to some one out West, or to a relative or friend in one of the rapidly growing string of colonies attached to your American empire. Thus the seven-day existence of the weekly is stretched in many cases into seven weeks.

### EDITIONS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES

The "Illustrated London News" now has its special editions for the Colonies, a "thin" edition for India and an "extra" for the United States.

I wonder that American weeklies do not try this scheme of special editions. COLLIER'S WEEKLY, for instance, could with profit issue a special South American edition in Spanish. Down there the demand for this class of journal is surprisingly large. Copies could be sold for a peseta, or, say, about fifteen cents. "Blanco y Negro" has now practically the field to itself, and its publishers in Spain are reaping a harvest of silver and gold. The bulk of its circulation, indeed, is in South America and the West Indies, only a comparatively few thousand copies being sold in the home land of the Don.

After black and white comes color, and photographs of a scene will give the coloring of that scene as well as the composition and outlines. The Russians are experimenting now with a remarkable color process, the Germans are busy in the same line, and who knows but what the Japanese may some day give us lessons in the art of color photography and the reproduction of such photographs in periodicals?

Simultaneous publications, reduction in size, color—these are the next three important steps upward in weekly journalism.



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# THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE *Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Prince Volonna, an exiled Italian living in London, adopts a boy compatriot, whom twenty years later we see in Rome, as David Rossi, the noted anarchist politician. The Prince's daughter, Roma, is residing there also, and scandal connects her name with that of Baron Bonnino, Prime Minister of Italy. Rossi gives Roma offence in a public speech. She, to avenge herself, with Bonnino's assistance attempts to get him enmeshed in a false conspiracy; he repudiates the agent sent to decoy him, and subsequently wins Roma's regard, whereupon she tries to dissuade the Baron from continuing the intrigue. But Bonnino claims to have obtained genuine evidence against Rossi, proving him a political proscrip with a fictitious name. Roma then vaguely warns David, in a letter, of his danger. He replies that he has no apprehensions, but that his love for a woman she knows is an obstacle to their further friendship. Roma next catches a glimpse of Rossi after the opening of Parliament, at which the King of Italy has spoken against anarchist societies. Rossi deprecates the system of government under which a king must be escorted home by soldiers to protect him against his own subjects.

## III—(Continued)



THE OFFICE of the "Sunrise" was in a narrow lane out of the Corso. It was a dingy building of three floors, with the machine rooms on the ground level, the composing rooms at the top, and the editorial rooms between. David Rossi's office was a large apartment with three desks that were intended for the Editor and his day and night assistants.

His day Editor received him with many bows and compliments. He was a small man with an insincere face.

David Rossi drank a cup of coffee and settled to his work. It was an article on the day's doings, more fearless and outspoken than he had ever published before. Such a day as they had just gone through, with the flying of flags and the playing of royal hymns, was not really a day of joy and rejoicing, but of degradation and shame. If the people had known what they were doing they would have hung their flags with crape and played funeral marches. The poor, timid young King, whose speech had been made for him by

a Minister who despised the people, and touched up by some man of letters who was only thinking of his flowers of rhetoric—the King who was supposed to hold his sceptre by the will of the nation—had done his utmost to annul every authority of Parliament and to suppress the rights which were the last asylum of the liberties of the country. The new regulations which had been proposed represented the death of government by the people and the birth of government by the police constable, as standing for the Minister and the throne.

"No wonder the King is a soldier," he wrote. "All kings are soldiers. The uniform of the soldier is the badge of the positions they fill and the rights they arrogate. Who says King says soldier, army, national barriers, the frontier, the sentinel, the custom-house officer—everything that divides man from man. To divide man from man is necessary to the King in order that he may reign and rule."

"And no wonder kings surround themselves by armies. Armies are the engines of arrogated power intended to separate nation from nation and to keep down the rights of the dispossessed. They are the great devourers of the world, the juggernauts of empires, and can only end by trampling to death the powers that made them."

It was the old idea of government—that the king was the law, the authority, the state. To return to that theory, whether in the name of king or society, was to turn back the clock that marks the progress of the world. Christianity came to wipe out such ideas of government—to show that the law was the state, that the state was the expression of the conscience of the people, and the conscience of the people the expression of the divine. No man could claim to represent that conscience. In no man was it right to do so, in no man was it even sane and logical, except perhaps the Pope of Rome himself.

"Such a scene as we have witnessed to-day," he concluded, "like all such scenes throughout the world, whether in Germany, Russia, and England, or in China, Persia, and the darkest regions of Africa, are but proof of the melancholy fact that while man as the individual has been nineteen hundred years converted to Christianity, man as the nation remains for the most part utterly pagan."

The assistant Editor, who had glanced over the pages of

manuscript as Rossi threw them aside, looked up at last and said:

"Are you sure, sir, that you wish to print this article?"

"Quite sure."

The man made a shrug of his shoulders and took the copy upstairs.

The short day had closed in when David Rossi was returning home. Screeners in the streets were crying early editions of the evening papers, and the cafes in the Corso were full of officers and civilians, sipping vermouth and reading glowing accounts of the King's enthusiastic reception. Pityful! Most pitiful! And the man who dared to tell the truth must be prepared for any consequences.

David Rossi told himself that he was prepared. Henceforth he would devote himself to the people, without a thought of what would happen. Nothing should come between him and his work for humanity—nothing whatever—not even . . . but no, he could not think of it!

He was turning into the Piazza Navona when a tall young man of soldierly bearing stepped up beside him and spoke in a low tone:

"The Honorable Mr. Rossi, I think?"

"Yes."

"My name is De Raymond. I belong to the Pope's guard. I think His Holiness may have something to say to you."

"Does he know that I am not a Catholic?"

"He knows you are not a Protestant. But it is something social, something political, something that affects the position you are placed in at present. And of course His Holiness would not ask you to meet himself."

"Who then?"

"A representative to whom I would have the honor to take you."

"When?"

"To-morrow morning at eleven, if that will do."

"Very well."

"I will be waiting on this spot. Meantime our interview is quite confidential?"

"Quite."

Two letters were waiting for David Rossi in his room. One was a circular from the President of the House of Deputies summoning Parliament for the day after to-morrow to reply to the speech of the King. The other was from Roma, and the address was in a large, hurried, nervous hand. David Rossi broke the seal with nervous fingers.

"MY DEAR FRIEND—I know! I know! I know now what the obstacle is which divides you. B. gave me the hint of it on one of the days of last week when I was so anxious to see you and you did not come. It is your unflinching devotion to country, to your mission and to your public duties. You are one of those who think that when a man has dedicated his life to a work for the world he should give up everything else—father, mother, wife, child—and live like a priest who puts away home and love and kindred that others may have them more abundantly. I can understand that, and see a side of nobility in it too, especially in days when the career of the statesman is only a path to power, to position, to rank, and to vainglory of every kind. It is great, it is glorious, it thrills me to think of it."

"But I am losing faith in my unknown and invisible sister that is-to-be in spite of all my pleading. You say she is beautiful—that's well enough, but it comes by nature. You say she is sweet and true and charming—and I am willing to take it all on trust. But when you say she is noble-hearted I respectfully refuse to believe it. If she were that you would be sure that she would know that friendship is the surest part of love, and to be the friend of a great man is to be a help to him and not an impediment. My gracious! What does she think you are? A cavaliers servente to dance attendance on her ladyship day and night? I shall certainly despise her if that is her hope and expectation. No, no! Give me the woman who wants her husband to be a man, with a man's work to do, a man's burdens to bear, and a man's triumphs to win, whatsoever they are, and wheresoever they take him, down to the depths of disappointment, or up to the glory of the cross."

"Yet perhaps I am too hard on my unknown sister that is-to-be or ought-to-be, and it is only your own distrust that wrongs her. If she is the daughter of one brave man and really loves another, she knows her place and her duty. It is, to be ready to follow her husband wherever he must go, to share his fate whatever it may be, and to live his life because it is now her own."

"And since I am in the way of pleading for her again, let me tell you how simple you are to suppose that because you have never disclosed your secret she may never have guessed it. Goodness me! To think that men who can make women love them to madness itself can be so ignorant of women as not to know that a woman can always tell if a man loves her, and even fix the very day and hour and minute when he looked into her eyes and loved her first. And if my unknown sister that ought-to-be knows that you love her, be sure that she loves you in return. Have you thought of that? A thousand to one she loved you before you dreamed of loving her, and waited and watched for the return of the dove of promise she had cast out on to the waters of your heart. Then trust her. Take the counsel of a woman and go to her. Remember that if you are suffering by this separation

perhaps she is suffering too, and if she is worthy of the love and friendship of a better man than you are or ever hope to be (which, without disparaging her ladyship, I respectfully refuse to believe), let her at least have the refusal of one or both of them."

"Good-night! I go to the House of Deputies again the day after to-morrow, being so immersed in public matters (and public men) that I can think of nothing else at present. Happily my bust is out of hand for the present and the pointer (not B. this time) is hard at work on it."

"You won't hear anything about the M— doings, yet I assure you they are a serious matter. Unless I am much mistaken, there is an effort on foot to connect you with my father, which is surely sufficiently alarming. M— is returning to Rome, and I hear rumors of an intention to bring pressure on some one here in the hope of leading to identification. Think of it, I beg, I pray! Your friend—R."

## IV

AT ELEVEN o'clock next morning the young Noble Guard was waiting for David Rossi by the corner of the Piazza Navona. They got into a carriage, and drove down the bank of the Tiber. The carriage drew up in the Ripetta, a busy thoroughfare, before a gray palace which Rossi recognized. It was the Jesuit college.

A black gate, resembling the portcullis to a castle, crossed the mouth of the portico, shutting off everything within. The bell was answered immediately, and without a word being spoken the two men were taken up a flight of stone stairs. A pale and emaciated young priest stood waiting at the top. He showed them into a room in silence, and then left them. The room overlooked the street, but it was closely curtained and dark, and had the dead atmosphere of a chamber whose windows were rarely opened. A sound of men's voices singing had followed them from the courtyard.

"Saying their office in chapel," said the young guard in a low tone.

There were two principal pictures on the wall. One of them showed a figure dressed wholly in white, the other a figure dressed wholly in black.

"We call them the white and the black Popes," whispered the young guard.

On a table by the wall there was a Madonna in a glass case. It was a beautiful face and figure—the ideal of pure, sweet, sinless womanhood, which even in monasteries and cells is a sustaining force to man. David Rossi looked at it with a great tenderness, tears rose to his eyes, and the voices of the men came floating to him from below.

The singing ceased, there was a step outside, the door opened, and a large man in a black soutane brodered with scarlet, and wearing a scarlet skull-cap, entered the room.

The young guard kissed the episcopal ring, presented Rossi, and then went away.

"Pray sit, Mr. Rossi," said the Cardinal, and placed a chair for him facing the window.

His tones were soft, although his voice was naturally a harsh one, and though his figure was cumbersome and ungainly, his manners were suave and gracious.

He sat with his back to the light, and opened the conversation with a playful hope that Mr. Rossi was not afraid of the Jesuits. The world made them the scapegoats of humanity, but they were happy enough if they bore away its sins.

"I understand His Holiness has something to say to me," said Rossi.

Without replying, the Cardinal made some graceful compliments to Rossi himself. In days when the politician was, for the most part, a light and even corrupt person, when the whole power and all the forces of the states were in the hands of the anti-Christian, when the baneful effects of secret societies, especially the Freemasons, were so keenly felt, it was something to find a statesman with so strong a sentiment of religion. The legislative assemblies of Europe had need of such men.

"Perhaps these evils are permitted by the Divine Master for the purgation of the world, but you have proved, dear sir, that it is not necessary that men should be irreligious in order to be liberal, or offend against the principles of morality that they may love their country."

"Does the Holy Father know," said David Rossi, "that I am the man who tried to stop his procession, and was flung out of the way by his soldiers?"

"That," said the Cardinal, with a scarcely perceptible hesitancy, "that was a case in which a warm heart overcame the dictates of a cool head. The Holy Father is the Workmen's Pope, and there is nothing nearer to his paternal breast than the material welfare of the lowly ones, but to have joined hands with their advocate at such a moment would have been to insult the reigning powers and make terms with the spirit of rebellion."

David Rossi was about to speak, but with a smile and a conciliatory gesture the Cardinal raised his hand and a large sapphire set in brilliants flashed in the light.

"We have come nearer into line since then, dear sir. The new projects of law which are directed against you are directed against us as well, a fresh subject of bitterness has been added to our griefs, and we are both suffering from the hostility of the Government."

Then the Cardinal spoke of the many societies connected



DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP

## BUILDING BAMBOO BRIDGES

IF BAMBOO DID NOT GROW IN THE PHILIPPINES IT WOULD ALMOST SEEM THAT THERE COULD BE NO FILIPINO BRIDGES. IN THE ISLAND OF LUZON AND FOLLOWING THE FILIPINO INSURGENTS, IT HAS BEEN OF INESTIMABLE VALUE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF BRIDGES.





## BRIDGES IN THE PHILIPPINES

WOULD BE FILIPINOS, SO DEPENDENT ARE THEY ON THIS WOOD. TO THE AMERICAN FORCES, OPERATING IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF BRIDGES AND PONTOONS AND PREPARING THE WAY FOR THE ADVANCE OF THE ARMY

with the Church that would be affected by the proposed law, the sodalities, banks, clubs, circles and schools.

"In the first pretext of the police it will be easy to dissolve all these associations which have been carried on during many years for the good of the Church and the people. It will not be possible to hold a meeting, or to carry a banner or emblem which the police chooses to regard as seditious. Indeed, the dissolution of the clerical clubs would be a religious campaign, and we are by no means sure that it is not so intended—to carry war into the camp of the Vatican under the cover of public security and the suppression of anarchism. Be that as it may, it is clear that the same method of defence which will be good for your associations will be good for ours also."

"And that is—what, your Eminence?"

The Cardinal cleared his throat. "You are aware that the Holy Father has forbidden his faithful children to participate in the affairs of a government which exists by the abrogation of his rights and the spoliation of his treasure."

David Rossi bowed assent.

"But the Church does not deny itself the right to take part in the secular affairs of Italy where to do so is hopeful of good results to the Catholic Church, and it would not be opposed to any honorable plans of freedom which are agreeable to morality and religion."

"You think of a Catholic party in the Assembly?"

"No, Mr. Rossi. A Catholic party in the Assembly of Italy would have to begin by abandoning the temporal claims of the Pope. It is not necessary. One of the parties already there might serve as well—your own, for example."

"You mean," said David Rossi, "that the Holy Father would liberate his people from his injunction and tell them to vote for me?"

"Why not? Our object is the same. You could not protect your own association without protecting ours. But you are weak, while we are strong. The clerical clubs are all over Italy. They keep records of the people everywhere. We are in touch with them in Rome, and can call them up at a given signal. With our strength behind you it will be possible for you to tell Parliament that the Government does not represent the country, and challenge it to prove it. You will overthrow the Government."

"And then?"

"You will have saved Italy from a cruel religious war, protected the rights of public meeting, and preserved your own associations and those of the Church."

"And then?"

"Then," said the Cardinal, playing with the gold chain that hung from his neck, "you will remember the power that helped

you to office, and think of the dolorous circumstances in which it is placed—with its papal palace occupied by the King, its convents converted into barracks, its monasteries into police offices, its treasury confiscated, and its Holy Head deprived of the independence which is necessary for the free exercise of his apostolic mission."

"In short," said Rossi, "we should, in return for your assistance, heal the discord between Italy and the Holy See by restoring the temporal power of the Pope?"

Without replying, the Cardinal bent his head.

"Would anything else be expected of us?"

"Mr. Rossi," said the Cardinal, "I have had the honor to read some of your writings, and I rejoice in your faith in the destinies of Rome. That the Eternal City will once more rule the world, that a special mission is assigned to her by God, is our own conviction also. It is especially the faith of the Holy Father; and if by pen and tongue you can help on the founding of a great federative league of all the states of the world, each governed by its own laws and rulers, but all subject to Rome as their metropolis and mother, you will inscribe your name among the greatest benefactors of the People and the Church."

David Rossi did not reply immediately, and the Cardinal added:

"But perhaps that is a miracle which we have no right or reason to look for in our day—although," he said, with a subtle gleam of his slow eyes, "an article like yours in this morning's paper on the evils of militarism and the arrogated rights of kings cannot but help on that sublime conception of the Holy Father of a spiritual kingdom on earth under the sovereignty of the Vicar of Jesus Christ himself."

There was a long pause, and then David Rossi said, in a low voice:

"I am sorry, your Eminence, but what you propose is quite impossible. My people are weak and their rights are in peril, but I should not feel myself an honest man if I agreed to accept your help."

"And why not?" said the Cardinal.

"Because I see no difference between the principles I oppose and those you ask me to support except a difference of form, and no difference between the spectacle of the King's procession yesterday and the Pope's procession of a month ago except a difference of clothes."

The Cardinal made a slightly contemptuous sound in his throat, and a gold-buckled shoe and a red stocking protruded from the edge of his black cassock.

"We should be changing the King for the Pope—that's all," said Rossi.

"You would be changing a fallible and corrupt head of government for an infallible and incorruptible one," said the Cardinal.

"Is the Pope infallible in the world of fact?" said Rossi.

"Pontiffs," said the Cardinal, "have no infallibility except in dogma, but the spiritual and the temporal are so closely interwoven that it has not yet been possible to say where infallibility would end in a Pope who directed the affairs of a state."

"That," said Rossi, "is exactly what was said of the Emperors and Kings of the Pagan world, your Eminence. They claimed to be not only of the spirit but the very blood of the gods. The Pope of to-day claims to be the infallible guide to faith and morals. Put him at the head of a state because he is Pope, and his rule must claim to be the divine rule. If it does not, it is arrogated, meaningless and illogical. To be the rule of the divine it must be the rule of one who is not only infallible but impeccable and untemptable. There is only one infallible, impeccable and untemptable being in the world. That is God, and to put a man in God's place is idolatry. It was the idolatry of the Pagan world which Christianity came to wipe away. And yet the Church asks the world to go back to that idolatry. It never will, never can. The world has outgrown it."

The Cardinal shifted in his chair and said in a tone of some condescension:

"Then had as in your opinion the rule of the world is under the Kings, with their militarism and corruption, you think the temporal rule of the Popes would be no better?"

"Much worse, your Eminence," said Rossi. "Christianity has not been two thousand years in the world without uprooting the monstrous fiction that the will of the King is the will of the Divine, and we dethrone an unrighteous king without fear; but set up a ruler who claims to be infallible, whether in the world of fact or dogma, or both, and you establish a bulwark of superstition which would make it as awful to rise up against an unrighteous Pope as to rise up against God."

"You make no allowances, then, for the probability that the Pope would be righteous, not unrighteous—that he would be the father of all men with no interest to serve but the well-being of the whole human family?"

"None whatever," said Rossi, "because the same argument is used for every monarch and it comes to nothing. The Pope is a man, and a man has his own interest to serve before every other."

"You make no allowances, too, for the life of grace which in the Holy Father subdues the selfish impulses of poor human creatures," said the Cardinal.



"THE GOSPEL HAS HAD ANOTHER AND A FAR GREATER INCARNATION—ITS INCARNATION INTO HUMANITY"



"I do, your Eminence, but on the other hand I make allowances for the environment which in all who hold an absolute power tends to make an unselfish man a selfish one, a modest man a proud one, a good man a bad one. The only atmosphere that surrounds a Pope, like the only atmosphere that surrounds a King, is an atmosphere of servility and flattery. It develops the evil, not the noble, muscles of his soul. No man is better for being Pope, and the saintly man is worse."

The Cardinal's chair was creaking under the movement of his body, and a gold cross which had been fixed in his sash swung from his neck.

"And if," he said, "the divine rule of the world is not to be looked for from Popes and Kings, pray where is it to come from?"

"From humanity," said David Rossi.

The Cardinal held up both hands with a mock gesture which even his courtesy could not repress.

"Why not?" said David Rossi. "The sentiment of humanity is the noblest and holiest thing we have in the world. It is our only proof of God, of immortality, and of right and wrong."

"Poor humanity! What of its frightful errors? Its outbreaks as of hell itself?" said the Cardinal.

"Nothing," said David Rossi, "except that they began in heaven. The very worst of them came of good impulses and ended in good results. Humanity is the only thing divine in this world. You can't appeal to it as you can to a King or a Pope, on the ignoble side of the heart or senses. It only answers to the true and the everlasting."

"Poor miserable humanity!" said the Cardinal. "Differing no more in the tenth century and the twentieth than the shifting pictures of the kaleidoscope—what has happened to the world that you have become a god? But it is useless to prolong this interview," he said, rising from his chair. "The Holy Father thought so well of you that he will be sorry to hear that you are to be numbered among those who, by the doctrines of a false democracy, retard the pacification of souls by the Gospel."

"The Gospel," said Rossi, also rising, "has had many incarnations, your Eminence. The first of them was when it entered into the body of a Jew and took a Jewish color. It didn't rest there, thanks to St. Paul, but was next incarnated in the body of a Roman Emperor. Unhappily, so far as the Catholic Church goes, it has rested there, thanks to the Popes and their Senate, the Sacred College. But the Gospel has had another and a far greater incarnation—its incarnation into Humanity. That is what is going on in the world now. Humanity is the Pope of the twentieth century."

The Cardinal, who had been moving toward the door, was arrested and stood.

"The Pope I dream of, the sublime Pontiff of the future," said Rossi, "will be no longer content to live in the mummy of a Roman Emperor. He will live in the body of humanity. He will see that the old dynastic world is dead and a world of the peoples is coming on, and that the Christendom of Rome must widen out to be the Christendom of the world. He will not look to the sovereigns and classes which are shadows vanishing away but to the people who are realities and last forever; he will know that the strength of the Church in all ages and all countries is the poor, and when they kneel at his feet to ask him to protect their bread he will not set all his temporalities against the hunger of one starving child."

The Cardinal was moved, even against his convictions, and being an honest man he did not attempt to conceal it.

"I'm sorry," he said, "and the Holy Father will be sorry, that one with so strong a sentiment of religion must henceforth be numbered among the enemies—the worst enemies—of the Church."

"My reverence to His Holiness," said Rossi in a low voice. "Tell him if you will that a humble and unknown son looks up to him with the deepest love and veneration. Tell him that a fatherless man feels toward him, though so high above, as to a father, whose hand he would go far to touch. But God gave me a will that is free, and I cannot give it up even to the saintliest man in all the world."

"Good-by, my son," said the Cardinal. "I shall think of you very often. Your faith in humanity is beautiful, but you are wakening a monster, and God knows what it may do to you yet. Take care! Take care!"

The Cardinal saw his visitor to the black gate below, and then went through the chill corridors with drooping head. The traffic in the street was thick and noisy, and the sun was warm and bright.

On reaching home, David Rossi found his day assistant waiting for him with a troubled face. There was bad news from the office. The morning's edition of the "Sunrise" had been confiscated by the police owing to the article on the King's speech and procession. A proof of the issue had been sent the night before to the office of the Procuratore del Re, but that morning at eleven all unsold copies had been seized at the news agents. The proprietors of the paper were angry with their Editor, and demanded to see him immediately.

"Tell them I'll be at the office at four o'clock, as usual," said Rossi, and he sat down to write a letter.

It was to Roma. The moment he took up

the pen to write to her the air of the room seemed to fill with a sweet feminine presence that banished everything else. She was beside him. He could hear her soft replies.

"If it were possible to heighten the pain of my feelings when I decided to sacrifice my best wishes to my sense of duty, a letter like your last would be more than I could bear. The obstacle you deal with is not the one which chiefly weighs with me, but it is a very real and grievous impediment, not altogether disposed of by the sweet and tender womanliness with which you put it aside. In that regard what troubles me most is the hideous inequality between what the man gives and what he gets, and the splendid devotion with which the woman merges her life in the life of the man she marries only quickens the sense of his selfishness in allowing himself to accept so great a price."

"In my own case, the selfishness, if I yielded to it, would be greater far than anybody else could be guilty of, and of all men who have sacrificed women's lives to their own career, I should feel myself to be the most guilty and inexcusable. My dear and beloved girl is nobly born, and lives in wealth and luxury, while I am poor—poor by choice, and therefore poor forever—without father or mother, brought up in a workhouse, and without a name that I dare call my own."

"I do not complain of this, and down to the present moment, if I have remembered it with pain, I have also thought of it with joy. It was the badge of my calling, the sign manual of God's will, to set me apart, being a man cut off from any earthly tie, for a work for the world. For ten years I have taken up the part to which nature herself assigned me. And what is the result? I am a beggar, an outcast, one who must be ready to go through any dangers any day for the work he has set before him—friendless, kinless, loveless, joyless, and alone."

"What then? Shall such a man as I am ask such a woman as she is to come into the circle of his life, to exchange her riches for his poverty, her comfort for his suffering? No!"

"Besides, what woman could do it if I did? Women can be unselfish, they can be faithful, they can be true; but—don't ask me to say things I do not want to say—women love wealth and luxury and ease, and shrink from pain and poverty and the forced marches of a hunted life. And why shouldn't they? Heaven spare them all such sufferings as men alone should bear!"

"Yet all this is still outside the greater obstacle which stands between me and the dear girl from whom I must separate myself now, whatever it may cost me, as an indispensable and inexorable duty. I entreat you to spare me the pain of explaining further, and believe that for her sake my resolution, in spite of all your sweet and charming pleading, is strong and unalterable."

"Only one thing more. If it is as you say it may be, that she loves me, though I had no right to believe so, that will only add to my unhappiness in thinking of the wrench that she must suffer. But she is strong, she is brave, she is the daughter of her father, and have faith in the natural power of her mind, in her youth and the chances of life for one so beautiful and so gifted, to remove the passing impression that may have been made."

"Good-by, yet again! And God bless you!"—D.

"P.S.—I am not afraid of M—, and come when he may I shall certainly stand my ground. There is only one person in Rome who could be used against me in the direction you indicate, and I could trust her with my heart's blood."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## FOOD

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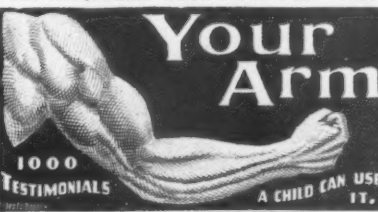
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## FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY  
**MARGARET E. SANGSTER**

### OPEN-AIR LIFE FOR WOMEN

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, it was quite usual for women in accepting invitations for outings to insert a provisional clause—if the weather permit we will have pleasure in coming, or going. To-day, in complete independence of the weather's vagaries, women, old and young, unless absolutely ill, make what plans they please. Life in the open air has become the rule instead of the exception for both girls and their mothers. The almost universal interest in golf has largely contributed to the health and vigor of the sex. Golf has the advantage over other games of being in its way dignified. A stout gentleman of middle age does not look out of place on the links, although her slim and graceful daughter may show to more picturesque purpose there. Women no longer shrink from a wetting. Even in a driving rain and a furious wind, their thick boots, short skirts, trim jackets and natty hats enable them to fare forth fearlessly, and the rain-coats of the period are among the most becoming garments of feminine attire ever invented. On the top of a coach, women as eagerly as men enjoy the panorama of the hills, or sweep along breezy plains within sound of the breaking surf. The sand-dunes, the crags, the uplands, know their bright faces and their cheery voices; for there is no corner of the countryside to which women do not penetrate in the summer days of freedom and pleasant adventure and excursion. Walking parties will be in vogue during the coming season, and, lightly equipped with luggage, yet so well fitted out that they may comfortably spend a night in an out-of-the-way farmhouse or at a rural inn, the student who has had her last semester crammed with hard work, will find relaxation and new freshness on the road.

A sound body is almost essential to the full enjoyment of a sound mind. Indeed, so subtly interwoven are soul and body that the one cannot grow and thrive when the other is impaired in vitality and handicapped by weakness. Formerly fragility was considered elegant. It is wellnigh disgraceful to the ordinary young woman in the early days of the new century to have a habit of headache, or a disability of any sort which hygienic living can cure. Exercise in the open air, at least in moderation, is a remedy for almost every physical ill. Morbid feeling and melancholy flies before it. Bright eyes, clear skins, and wholesome beauty follow in its wake. A woman who exercises beyond her strength, or who devotes her entire time to athletics, is indiscreet; but, having practiced under competent instructors in the gymnasium, most women are aware of what they may safely do, and they also understand the value of rest at proper intervals.

A sign that bodes well for the future is the increase of staying-power on the part of our girls. They are to be the mothers of the future. The race, here in America, must not be suffered to deplete in quality, and virile, forceful strength on the part of sons yet to be born will depend in no small degree on the mothers who bear them. For this reason, among others, there is cause for felicitation in the splendid vigor of American women, due to their open-air life and interest in athletics.

### GIRL COLONIES

THE PHRASE "bachelor girl," which has crept into general usage to describe a self-supporting young woman who prizes the independence she has earned, is disliked by many fastidious people. It conveys the idea of a mannish young person in whom the distinctively feminine charm has been overshadowed by the necessities of her lot, and it carries with it a sort of unwritten protest against home influences and restraints. The young girl living under the same roof with her parents, and performing the simple duties of a daughter at home, is not thus spoken of, and neither in the roseland bloom of her earlier, nor the gentle equipoise of her later, days is she ever thought of as a bachelor maid. Spinster is an old-fashioned term which epitomizes woman's life as it used to be when woman's ideal condition was to take charge of domestic industries, when linen was spun at home, and the wheel, now a curio of the drawing-room, and an honored heirloom haloed by ancestral traditions, stood well in the foreground, an implement of daily toil for wife and daughters. By a little stretch of fancy, we can picture to ourselves the spinster, lithe and graceful and rosy and dimpled, or white-haired, bowed and broken—but, in youth or age, the pre-

siding genius of the household. Old maid was a title of reproach in a period when marriage was the acknowledged goal of womanly ambition, but spinster never shared its contumely; always wearing a certain air of its own, and implying a measure of choice. An old maid might be a withered leaf forlornly clinging to the family tree, remaining unmated because unsought. A spinster was a personage who could have had her pick among suitors, but preferred single life and freedom to matrimony and care.

These convenient settlements of young women are not to be confused with college settlements, or guilds, or any form of benevolent work. They are really girl colonies, companies of bright girls who have solved the problem of comfortable living in large towns, where their work lies. Various projects are on foot for the accommodation of this numerous and independent class—women's hotels, women's apartment-houses, and Homes with a capital H, for working-women. The day is surely coming speedily when enterprises of this kind will pay capitalists, and when women will be able to place themselves agreeably in their hours of release from labor, without burdensome restrictions and at a moderate cost. Until the fulfillment of this longed-for time arrives, the spinster settlement is the next best thing, and a very good thing in its way.

### THE MOTHER'S OUTLOOK

If the daughter is to go to conservatory or other college the proposition is simple and short at once of its alarms. She will be cared for as at home, and her health and happiness will be regarded. Her mother will feel quite sure that her girl-child is safe under the sheltering wing of a responsible faculty. When the young girl comes from home all by herself as a single pupil, to enter conservatory, league, or studio, the mother has qualms. Even the most self-reliant of young women in her twenties seems, very properly, to her mother, to need care and companionship in her own grade, when she casts her little bark of life upon the swift current of a vast city.

### GIRL COLONIES AND HOW THEY ARE MANAGED

Somebody's mother, or somebody's elder sister, comes to town without grappling-hooks to bind her fast to her old life. She is at liberty. She does not wish to study, she has no ambitions beyond those which begin and end in good housekeeping. Her own girl and a half-dozen of her girl's friends decide to pool their means. She takes a bright little apartment. If it is unfurnished, the girls rummage the second-hand shops and attend auctions, and somehow pick up enough absolute must-haves to make it habitable—unless, indeed, which often happens, their home people send on beds and bedding, chairs and tables, and whatever else is required, until the waste place blooms out into pretty domesticity. A furnished apartment may occasionally be discovered at a reasonable rate. The expenses of rent, fuel, lighting, food, servant's hire, and any other needful items are carefully estimated, and an equal division is made, each girl paying her share of the weekly cost of living. If there is one who does the marketing, or the catering, she may contribute a smaller amount than the others, in consideration of her time and pains. One, who is satisfied with a very tiny room, or who puts up with some real inconvenience, may have that as a set-off for her payment of a smaller sum; but, as a rule, in the spinster settlement, the accounts tally with an approximate exactness.

### JOLLY MAKESHIFTS

In the merry girl colonies one sees few folding-beds, although other makeshifts are very much in evidence. The divan, which makes a soft and restful couch by night, has the merit of not proclaiming itself a bed by day, and with a gay cover and a pile of cushions is a useful piece of furniture in the girl's room, accommodating her guests as a seat, and lending itself to decorative as well as convenient uses. A trunk, cushioned and covered, makes another substitute for a chair; a dressing-table may have hooks and shelves behind curtains for clothing and shoes, and an uncompromising kitchen range, abandoned in favor of a gas stove, has, before now, been metamorphosed by drapery and diverted into a cabinet. Boards laid over laundry tubs make satisfactory tables for drawing and writing, and one can seldom tell, looking at a graceful and impressive patrician makeshift,

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that at the core it is a plebeian article, meant originally for the most commonplace uses. As a rule, the washing and ironing of the spinsterhood are sent out of the house to be done, though a girl with a knack may launder her laces and handkerchiefs in the bathroom and iron them over the gas-jet. The tea-kettle plays an important part and the chafing-dish is an indispensable requisite. The maid sleeps at her own home and returns in the early morning, but appetizing little suppers are often prepared without her help, and evenings in the colony, when the day's work is done, are very gay and brilliant. Somebody has a mandolin, or a banjo; somebody else plays the piano. The music, the merry chat, the reading aloud, the story-telling are homelike, and the mother-sister or young matron who chaperons the crowd adds just the last needed household touch.

If you are so fortunate as to be invited to dine in a girl colony be sure to say yes. The pleasure is one to remember. There may be a mere cluster of young sweet faces, or there may be a long and crowded table. Sometimes two apartments are needed to house from sixteen to twenty-five young women. Perhaps they have a door opening on a roof, and it is worth the climb to their nest to step out and survey the acres and miles of homes, the streets starry with evening lamps, the river, the bay, the distant hills. You may dine at more pretentious boards, but you will never enjoy more cordial and refined hospitality than you meet from the beautiful spinsterhood in one of their settlements for home life after work and study.

#### A POINT OF TASTE

So MANY women, formerly known only in their private capacity and to a limited number of people, are now assuming official positions and having their pictures in the newspapers, that a suggestion is in order. Evening dress is suitable for evening engagements, for the opera, the ball, the formal reception. A lady does not preside at the daytime meeting of her club in a décolleté gown, nor in jewels. She wears a bonnet and a street costume for the occasion. When she is photographed in the character of a club president, why should she not be dressed to suit the part? The portrait would be more dignified, although perhaps less fascinating, in the one toilet than in the other.

#### A PLEA FOR THE BOY

To MOST boys between the ages of ten and fourteen there comes a trying period. They have emerged from the interesting era of prettiness, and are growing so fast that their hands and feet seem out of proportion to the rest of their bodies. As for their appetites, they are enough to cause a dearth of provisions in the usual larder, and their lungs are amazingly productive of noise, in season and out. Everybody pounces on the boy. Everybody sends him on errands. He is the object of much advice. He has not a fair show. The boy needs much patience, and is the better for having a little elbow-room. He will not always be a boy. But his future manhood depends somewhat on the kind of boy he is.

#### FOOD

#### "JUST LIKE PAPA."

Children Glad to Have Their Coffee Like The Parents.

More than any of the old folks realize, the little folks at the table like to have food and drink the same as Father and Mother.

Perhaps you can remember the time when a forkful of the meat or potato or a sip from the cup that your Father or Mother was using seemed to possess some remarkable merit and flavor. If children can be given a strong, nourishing food drink such as Postum Food Coffee it more than satisfies their desire to have things like the older folks, and at the same time gives them a drink they love and fatten on.


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Some years ago I tried a package of Postum and did not like it, but I know now that it was because I did not make it right. It is easy to make good Postum if the simple directions are followed. The only failure is when people do not boil it long enough.

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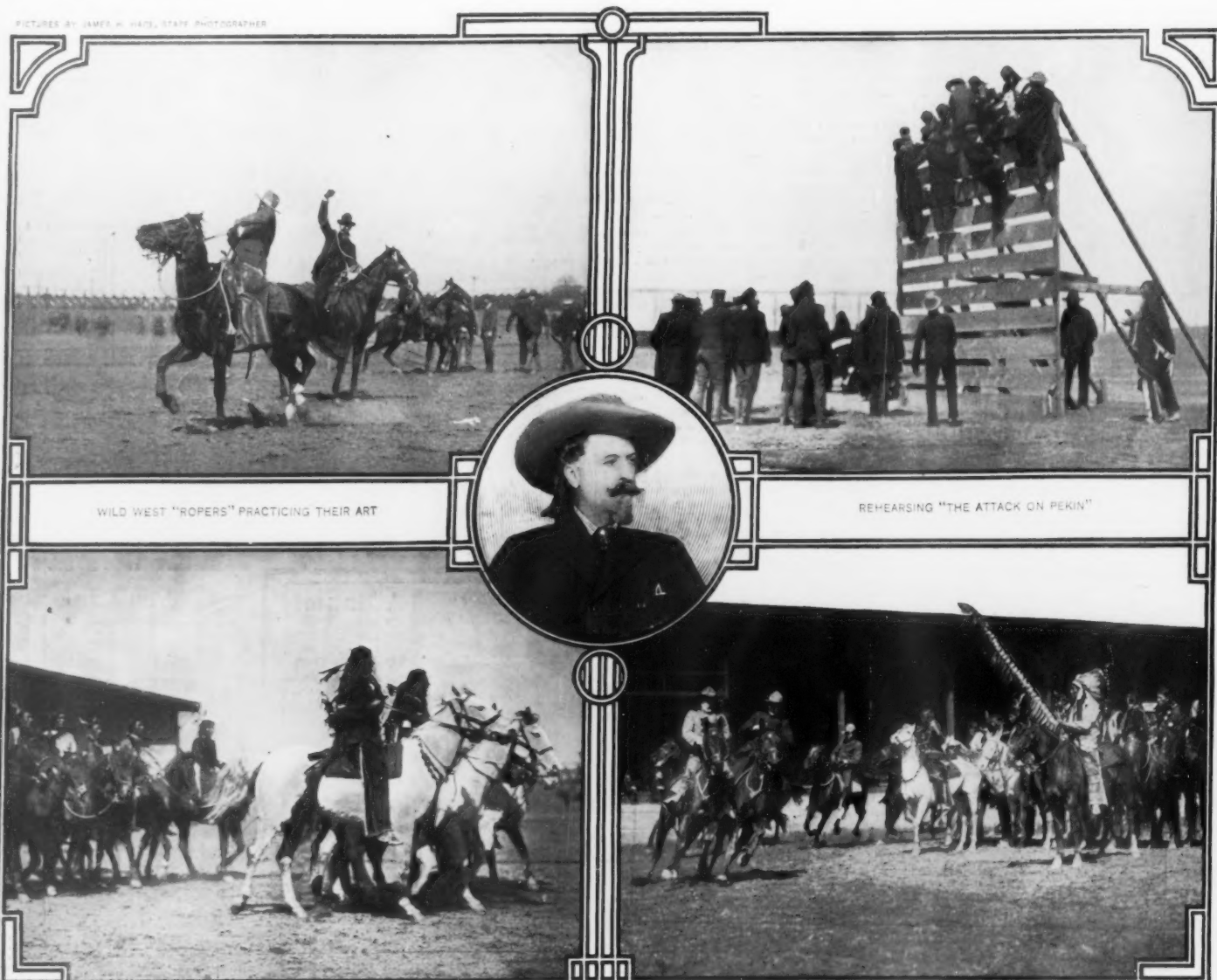
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WILD WEST "ROPER" PRACTICING THEIR ART

REHEARSING "THE ATTACK ON PEKIN"

FIRST APPEARANCE OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT AT REHEARSAL

A TROOP OF STRATHCONA HORSE, CANADIAN SOUTH AFRICAN CONTINGENT

## MOBILIZING A MIMIC ARMY

HOW SOLDIERS AND HORSEMEN OF MANY NATIONS ARE DRILLED FOR THE "WILD WEST SHOW"—SECURING NEW INDIANS TO RESTRAIN TRIBES FROM THE WARPATH—BOERS AND BRITONS BECOME BROTHERS

By COLONEL WILLIAM F. CODY ("BUFFALO BILL")



COLONEL CODY GIVES ORDERS

TOOK MY STATION behind the curtain at the edge of the tan-bark. Behind and about me was a phalanx of Indians, Cossacks, Cow-boys, Bedouins, Mexicans, Cuirassiers, Boers, Britons, three hundred strong and all mounted, horses pawing, chaffing, rearing, riders silent, stoical. Through a hole in the canvas on a level with my eye I made sure that the way was clear. I gave the signal, and into the arena of Madison Square Garden charged the half-six hundred—while applause to left, right, front of them volleyed and thundered. Not all at once, however, but in battalions, one at a time, they charged, each troop preceded by a single horseman bearing the colors. When the three hundred were in their places, I sprang upon my own charger,

dashed to the front, and introduced the Rough Riders of the World. It was our opening night in New York, the first performance of the eighteenth season of the Wild West Show.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has asked me to tell how this array of dare-devil troopers from so many corners of the earth—this Show—was put together. Have you ever watched a man at work making a mosaic floor? Stone by stone, bit by bit, each carefully selected, he adds and adds, putting each piece in exactly the right place, the job when completed being harmonious in color, definite in form, and meaning something. Our Show is a mosaic of horsemen. Each is a picked man, chosen because of his record as a soldier or plainsman, his physical perfection, and his ability to be always an integral part of a horse.

The actual work of preparing this year's Show began in January, when our agents went east as far as Russia, west to the Great Divide, north to Canada, south to Mexico, to select material for our human mosaic.

### BOERS AND BRITONS FROM AFRICA

We had to have something new. Cubans, Filipinos, Hawaiians—these had served their purpose in previous years. I consulted with Nate Salisbury, who has been my partner, guide, friend and philosopher in the Show business and other enterprises for nearly a quarter of a century and always a potent factor in the shaping of affairs. We decided upon the principal new feature for this year; it should be a representative band of Boers and a company of Britons, men who had just come from South Africa's battlefields, who had fought against and shot at one another in deadly conflict. We selected these as the most interesting people concerned in the making of current history.

Where, first of all, were the Boer soldiers to be found? At the seat of war? No, down there they would be in active service, unable and unwilling to accept our offers. Holland—here was the place to find them; for here would come many escaped or released prisoners and discharged fighters. Having lost their all—even their families—in Boerland, or forbidden by the British to remain there, they would naturally migrate to the country of the Dutch tongue. To The Hague, then, went our agent, Mr. Keene, where he found that all incoming soldiers who had fought in South Africa were registered, their names, addresses and present employment being given. They were scattered among farms for many miles around. Keene scoured the country, examining the men physically, testing their skill as rough riders, verifying the various documents they placed in his hands certifying to valor in recent bloody campaigns in the Transvaal. Thus our Boer detachment was recruited. Some of these men were with Cronje, having made their escape at the time of that general's capture; others had only recently served under De Wet.

### GRAND-PUPILS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

Leaving the little commando of Boers in charge of Captain Von der Loo, with orders to meet at the rendezvous of the Show in New York, in March, Mr. Keene went to England to get fighters on the British side. I wired Keene: "Get Baden-Powell men." I had been told that this brave young hero of Mafeking had referred to me in his book as his "tutor

in the rough art of scouting." As he was once my pupil on the Plains, I wanted to see the cut of some of my grand pupils. In the handful of men that defended Mafeking under Powell were a battalion of the Bechuanaland Rifles, and a detachment of this organization, men who had served out their enlistment, were brought from South Africa and are with us this year.

These Baden-Powell men, I should add, were the pets of the British army in England, and any position the Service offered was open to them. They had but to express their wishes. They contracted to come with us, however, because, as they said, "Here is a chance to see the States and have a holiday." As for the holiday, that will depend upon their own conception of the word. If the hard work of two performances every day except Sundays for six months, and night travel, and one night stands and long jumps, mean holiday—well, perhaps the Britishers do not understand holiday to mean a loading bee.

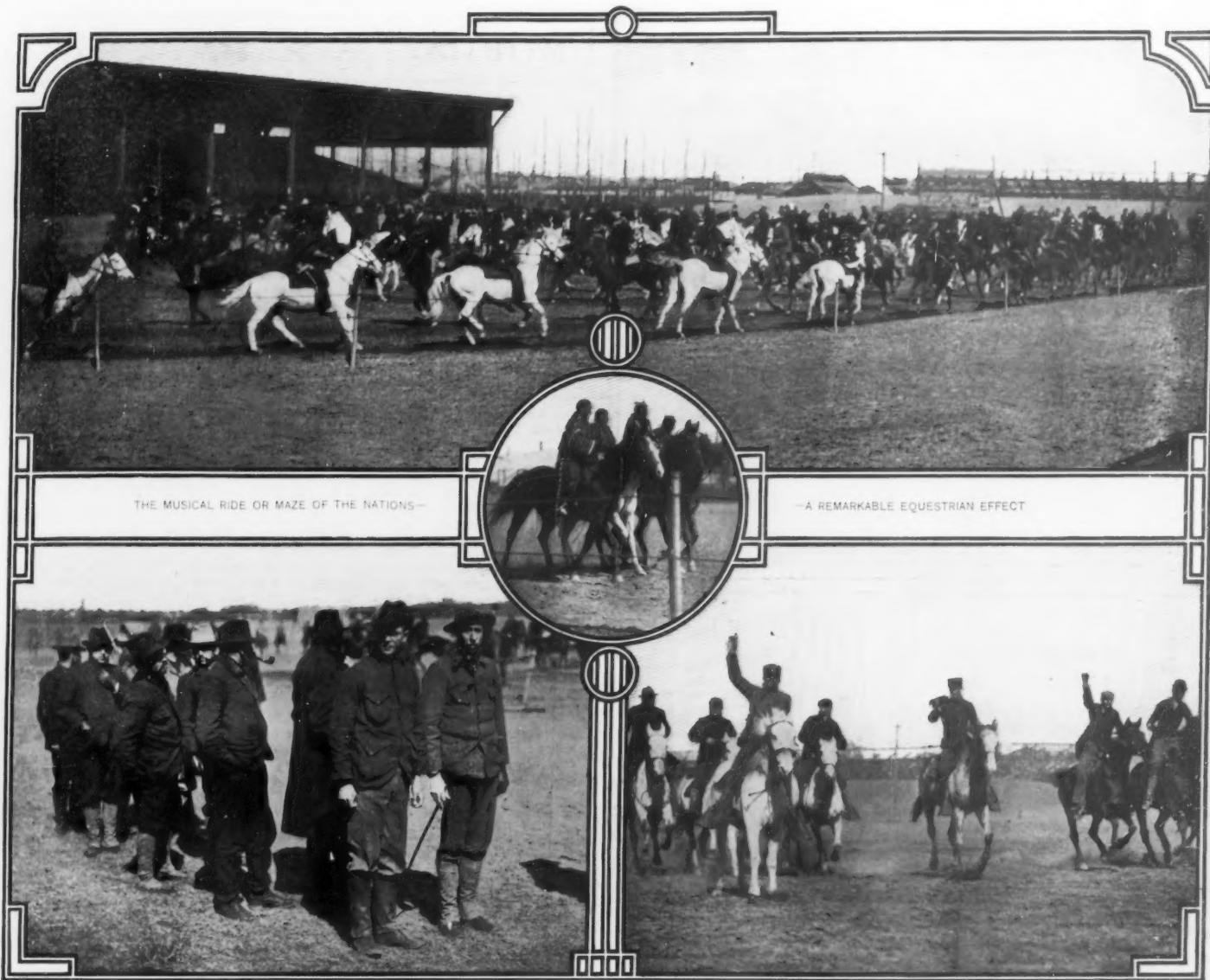
With these alone we were not content. The Canadians had a hand in fighting the Boers, and a representation from Canada we must have. Major Burke went up there, hunted east and west, but he could not find the right men. He waited a few weeks. Then, hearing of the return of a number of soldiers direct from the front, he made another trip, and this time corralled a Canadian contingent, consisting of squads of the Mounted Rifles and the Strathcona Horse, the latter regiment having been fitted out, I believe, by Lord, or Baron, Strathcona at his own expense.

### RECRUITING "REDSKINS"

Meantime our representative at the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota was busy recruiting Indians, chiefly Sioux. Some people think we have the same Redmen year after year. Not so. Of the fifty odd bucks, five squaws and two papooses in the cast this season only a few of the bucks have ever been with us before. Not even the half dozen old Redskins would be retained were it not that they are extremely helpful in coaching the new ones.

This annual change serves two purposes, first, of preventing people saying that our Reservation braves are really Carlisle or Hampton graduates, or Eastern bred Red swells. The Sioux is quick to learn English. After a season with





THE MUSICAL RIDE OR MAZE OF THE NATIONS—

—A REMARKABLE EQUESTRIAN EFFECT

A SQUAD OF BOER FARMER-SOLDIERS, FRESH FROM SOUTH AFRICA

"HALT!"—UNITED STATES CAVALRYMEN PRACTICING SOME INTRICATE MANOEUVRES

us he knows as much of Webster as a three-year-old child. Your critical public goes behind the scenes after the show, and hears the ochre-painted, feather-bedecked savage say "please" and "thank you" and "very good," and straightway that Indian, in the Barnum-educated mind, is a "fake."

The second result of having a new lot of Indians each year is the less selfish one of checking warlike proceedings on the part of the tribes. Never a year passes that the men of one tribe or another do not try to incite their brothers to put on the war-paint, believing sincerely enough that the time has come when they can successfully take to the war-path. The average Indian, who has never been out of a Western State, does not understand that the white men predominate in this country. After a tour with the Show from Buffalo to San Antonio, however, they return to their tribes and point to the leaves of the trees and to the blades of grass on the prairie to illustrate the number of the pale-faces. Shoulders are shrugged and heads shaken, as if to say of the warpath, "No use."

It is for this reason, more than any other, that the Department of the Interior, from the Secretary in the Cabinet and the Indian Commissioners down to the last agent or post-trader, has sanctioned the presence of Redmen among the Rough Riders, encouraging our course as desirable and educational.

With each Indian an individual contract is made. He engages to remain with us so many weeks for so much, while we agree to feed and shelter him during that time, care for him if sick, and send his body to his people if he dies. The tour over, I always make each Indian a present of a suit of white man's clothes. Reaching home, they masquerade in these, in much the same spirit as we would don the kilts of a Highlander. But the masquerade is sometimes the beginning of a better Indian; for I have known of cases where the clothes stuck, and in a white man's garb the Indian acquires some of the white man's ambition.

#### UNWINDING RUSSIAN RED-TAPE

Hardest of all to secure are the Cossacks. Pulling an elephant's tooth is simple work compared to the diplomatic dentistry necessary in pulling a Cossack out of the jaw of Russia. Nine years ago I got my first batch of Cossacks through the aid of General John C. New of Indianapolis, then United States Consul at London. He succeeded in unwinding the miles of red-tape in which the process was swathed. With the exception of Prince Lucca—prince in this instance meaning one of thousands of headmen, or chiefs of bands—all the Cossacks are new each year. Even Lucca, caught in the meshes of the red-tape, was one season unable to join us. He had slapped a Russian's face or something like that, and the slapped gentleman prevented Lucca from getting his passports. And unless you have a passport out of Russia you can't get in again. When the Show was over last year, Lucca as usual took his Cossacks back to

Batoum—distant several days from Odessa—and in the spring brought a new lot of the Czar's Rough Riders to Odessa, where our agent inspected and selected this season's contingent.

#### MOBILIZING THE ALLIED ARMIES

In Germany, fresh men were picked from the reserves. In England, too, until last year, we drew from the reserves; but the war in South Africa took the entire reserved army, and we had to hunt the whole realm for the right sort of discharged dragoons. Until three years ago our United States boys with the yellow and the red stripes were furloughed men from the Sixth Cavalry and the Fifth Artillery. Since then, we have had discharged men from the same regiments.

On a morning toward the end of March, I went to the rendezvous—Ambrose Park, in Brooklyn. There they were—all the detachments which for nearly three months we had been putting together, man by man. Consider what a heterogeneous assemblage they were, some fifteen or sixteen different groups, including Sioux, Bedouins and American cowboys; vaqueros from Mexico, Roosevelt Rough Riders, Cossacks and Boers; British, German, Canadian and United States troopers; scouts, ropers, sharpshooters, broncho-busters and artillerymen.

What next? In a circus, each performer or group of performers has a turn. "How many minutes?" asks the manager. "All right, take ring number so and so." The performers can rehearse when and where they choose, and the manager can sit in his office and run the show. Not so the Rough Riders. This is a congress. There must be concerted action. No individual rider need rehearse daring feats of horsemanship. Deeds a-horseback are second nature to him. But to get groups of men of various nations to do their daring deeds together—this needs rehearsing. Moreover, these men are not actors. They are soldiers or plainmen, green as the grass in spring and fresh from their natural pastures. This material must be made into a Show.

Even the horses had to be broken in. Of the three hundred animals in the Congress act, over one hundred were "rangers." They were fresh from my ranch, had never known barn, stall or saddle. They had to be made "bridle-wise."

#### THE SHOWMAN'S NIGHTMARE

I pass over the nightmare of those first days of lashing that assemblage into a Show, and come to the last day at Ambrose Park. It was Saturday. On Tuesday we were to open at Madison Square Garden. Some uniforms were not ready. Tailors had struck. What now? Early in the morning news comes of the arrival of a steamer with equipments for the foreign detachments. Thirteen hundred dollars duty? Here—rush!

A sergeant of the Sixth Cavalry passes by with his hand bandaged.

"Broke a bone yesterday," says he.

"How?"

"Breaking a horse—caught my hand in the bridle and the beast dragged me."

"Seen the doctor?"

"No; got some pasteboard and set it myself."

Men swarm around the arena awaiting the order "To Horse." We have been rehearsing unmounted. It is cold. The Indians pull their blue blankets about them. The white men wear all sorts of unkempt civilian clothing. Swells in the Canadian contingent are in riding suits. They are talking with the Boers. Suddenly there is commotion—a Canadian has discovered that one of the Boers was not many months ago among the prisoners captured by his regiment in the Transvaal. They celebrate with noise. A roper, a Mexican lariat-thrower, who is a bull-fighter in winter, is showing a group of Baden-Powell men how to use a lunderilla.

Now we rehearse the battle of Tien-tsin, the advance of the allies upon Peking, and the taking of the Celestial City. Our Indians act as Boxers—for real Boxers were not obtainable—and allow themselves to be mowed down by machine guns. Just as the last Indian-Boxer falls dead on the Great Wall of China twelve o'clock sounds, and, with it, the bugle calls all hands to the mess-tent for luncheon.

Here the riders of many nations break bread, and have soup, fish, roast beef, pork, coffee together. Our Commissary Department at this end of the season has a chance to enjoy life. While in New York, there are not so many men to feed; provisions, moreover, can be secured by telephone. When we take to the road—that is different. To arrange to feed six hundred hungry men, at certain one-night stands, especially if there has been the smallest hitch in the machinery of arrangements, is enough to harrow up a commissary's soul.

#### ROUGH RIDERS SAVED FROM FAMINE

Emporia, Kansas, is associated in my mind as a place where the boys once had to make two small, unbuttered sandwiches serve as a day's rations. Our train was late, we had been travelling many hours, and we telegraphed our advance guard: "Have sandwiches and coffee for six hundred." That man's experience in Emporia came near unsettling his mind. He almost immediately gave up the coffee—the town simply could not supply it. Sandwiches, however—surely he could get these. In one restaurant he found that two hundred sandwiches had been made in anticipation of the rush of country people to the town for the Show. Five cents was the price asked per sandwich. The advance man offered ten, fifteen, and said he wanted sixteen hundred more. That boniface actually refused—said he would sell to "no outsiders and leave the regulars to starve." After a canvass of every restaurant in Emporia, without reward, our desperate Advance met William Allen White, the "What's the Matter with Kansas?" man. White saved the day. He hurried to a church, where they were holding a Fair, and offered ten cents each for fifteen hundred sandwiches—where the ladies of that church ever got all that bread and boiled ham in such a hurry is still a mystery.



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## MOBILIZING A MIMIC ARMY

On the road, too, we have other troubles in the way of running "short" on canvas-  
men. In circus parlance these are "razor backs," "men who handle the rag," and they  
have an inconvenient habit of "chucking" their jobs. When in Dakota not long ago, the  
grain crop was so tremendous that farmers were offering men three dollars and a half a day  
to work in the fields. This offer appealed to our "razor backs" despite the fact that we  
were paying them thirty-five dollars a month and found. They deserted in wholesale lots.  
Again, in the South, the cotton crop one year was so large that growers put up signs  
offering three dollars a day for pickers. This sign met the eyes of our "rag men" as they  
entered the town—and we had to get up the "rag" that night with soldier hands as best we  
could.

But to return to the mess-tent, or, rather, to the arena; for luncheon is over and "Boots  
and Saddles" is sounding. To the stables rush the men, reappearing three minutes later,  
mounted. One of the Indians, as he dashes into the arena, is thrown. Over that green  
horse's head he turns a somersault, lands head-foremost on the soft earth bed, but all that  
time he has not let go the rope bridle. He picks himself up and pats the pony on the neck  
—he knows better than to kick the beast before it is bridle-wise.

The three hundred riders assemble; I give a command in the Sioux language, so the  
Indians directly in front of me can understand. They break into the "Maze," circles within  
circles of horsemen moving in alternate directions, the squaws in the smallest circle in the  
centre. Half a dozen photographers plant their cameras on the arena edge—too close for the  
safety of the horsemen. If a horse shies now there will be a mix up that may injure or kill  
some one. "Go away!" shouts an interpreter, and the camera men retreat—after taking the  
pictures.

### GONE ARE THE DAYS OF WESTERN WILDNESS

The Rough Riders' Congress can go on indefinitely as long as men ride horses with the  
abandon of a child on a hobby-horse. Neither bicycle nor automobile will soon supplant our  
great four-footed friend in the unsettled portions of the earth, and hence for years to come  
the rough and ready horseman may continue to give exhibitions of the strength, courage,  
and vigorous and virile manhood which he represents. But the life of the Wild West Show  
proper is limited to the present generation. For only men who have lived the life it re-  
produces can preserve its quality and reality.

I might say that even now the West is no longer wild. That this is true strikes me  
forcibly every year when, at the close of the season, I return to the land which strong men  
and capital and railroads have tamed. At my "Scout's Rest Ranch" in Nebraska—over the  
sign bearing this title, by the way, some wag last year scribbled "When Does He Rest?"—  
the country is settled in all directions, where not long ago it was trackless forest and prairie.  
Then I push on to Wyoming, to the Big Horn Basin, where I have another ranch, and  
where "No Man's Land" has become many men's land. In this Basin, in the Great Divide,  
the last of the buffalo was shot. Only five years ago it was a dreary, parched waste covered  
with sage brush. To day it is irrigated, planted with homes, and in the town of Cody alone  
live a thousand people.

Here the soil is twenty-one feet deep. No wonder the Eastern farmers, who have to  
pay twelve dollars an acre to make soil, are coming West! Five years ago I told a friend  
that I would run a railroad through the mountains to Cody. He laughed. This summer  
one of the great trunk lines completes a branch to Cody. I also told my friend of five years  
ago that I would publish a newspaper here in the wilderness. Again he laughed; for at that  
time there was only a handful of persons in Cody and the outlying cow-punchers could not  
read. To-day that newspaper comes out weekly with a circulation of twenty five hundred.

Some men's ambition is power in politics, others want to be millionaires, others to  
achieve lasting fame in the arts; mine is to build up the great West. I can only reclaim  
a small bit of that West of ours, so I have chosen this bit in Big Horn Basin near Yellow-  
stone Park. It is only a dot on the map, but it is big enough to illustrate the fact that "wild  
and woolly" in the sense of yore, no longer applies to the West.

## SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY

WALTER CAMP

OXFORD defeated Cambridge after a grand struggle in which the lead alternated  
until the crews reached the Lead Mills, when Cambridge, getting the  
advantage of the turn, went to the front, apparently for good. This lead they  
held past Chiswick Eyot, continued on past Thornycroft's and Devonshire  
Meadows to Barnes, where the light blue had a full length and a half. Then  
Culme-Seymour, the Oxford stroke, called upon his men for a final effort, although both crews  
had been spurring from Chiswick. Cambridge answered it gamely, but they were nearly  
rowed out, and Oxford literally rowed them down, finishing half a length to the good in the  
not remarkable time of 22 minutes 31 seconds. The cause of the slow time was the half gale  
that was blowing from the southwest, which made much of the water bad.

Just before the race the betting, which had been more or less uneven and changeable,  
turned strongly in favor of Oxford, the dark blues ruling at odds of two to one. This was  
caused by the fact that while at the beginning of their training, a couple of weeks ago, they  
were considerably lighter than the Cambridge men, they had gained until they were then very  
nearly on a level in the weights. Another reason for these strong odds was given as the gen-  
eral belief of the bookmakers that the Oxford crew was much more together, although not  
such good oarsmen individually as the Cambridge men. It is stated that Oxford rowed in a  
new boat designed by the Rev. Edmund Warre, head-master of Eton, which was something  
of an innovation, being considerably shorter than the popular shell and some seven feet less  
in length than that in which Cambridge rowed.

Oxford had been working very hard, and under that most excellent coach, Gold, had  
made remarkable progress. Their physical condition was most highly approved, as they  
had been taking on weight rather than losing it, and at the same time doing a goodly amount  
of work.

Cambridge had been rowing under the instruction of Muttilebury, and had done some re-  
markably fast rowing, but their physical condition had not been of the best, and they had  
lost weight to a considerable extent. The Oxford men lived at the house of Sir John Moss,  
with headquarters at the Leander Club, while the Cambridge men were entertained by Col.  
Ricardo at Cookham.

OXFORD			CAMBRIDGE		
Position	Name	Weight	Position	Name	Weight
Bow	F. O. J. Huntley, University	161½	Bow	R. H. Nelson, Third Trinity	157½
2	H. Du Vallon, Brasenose	173½	2	B. C. Cox, Trinity Hall	167½
3	J. Younger, New College	179	3	B. W. D. Brooke, First Trinity	166
4	A. De L. Long, New College	178	4	C. W. H. Taylor, Third Trinity	173½
5	H. J. Hale, Balliol	180	5	G. Parker, First Trinity	178½
6	F. W. Warre, Balliol	176½	6	H. B. Grylls, First Trinity	175½
7	T. B. Etherington-Smith, Oriel	159½	7	E. F. Duncanson, Emanuel	175½
Stroke	R. Culme-Seymour, New College	163½	Stroke	G. M. Maitland, First Trinity	171
Cox	G. S. MacLagan, Magdalen	129	Cox	E. A. O. A. Jamieson, First Trinity	117



THE OXFORD CREW THAT DEFEATED CAMBRIDGE IN THE INTER-UNIVERSITY RACE.





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**Because it isn't mounted on THE IMPROVED HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLER.**

A perfect article. No tacks required. Notice name on roller when buying your shades.

Winter courses are almost at an end, and the poor, misguided man, who when he takes up a sport likes to indulge in it the year round, has nearly reached the end of his misery. I have been asked several times to explain why it is that a winter green is never by any possibility touched or given the slightest attention, even when the weather is such that attention might be appreciated because it would be effective. The reason is that the golf sharp generally has a position on or is influential with the green committee, and the golf sharp, be it known, turns up his nose at the man who plays golf on Northern courses in the winter. The man in the red coat who plays on the team matches, and who in the summer may be seen from early morn to dewy eve, has no use for golf in winter.

The selection of Appawamis for the Metropolitan would have been pleasing to all those who appreciate a long course. Since the stones were blasted out and the course lengthened out, there promises to be no better one in or near New York. It certainly has length, and the man who cannot show distance will be at a loss and must surely fall below the man who uses his wooden clubs well.

On a day very adverse to record breaking, Oxford defeated Cambridge at the TRACK GAMES Queen's Club Grounds, London, in the Thirty-eighth Inter-University Track Meet. Cambridge was rather looked upon as the probable winner, but the dark blue carried off the honors in six out of the ten events.

The performances of Workman in the three-mile run, and Cockshot in the mile run, both Cambridge men, were especially creditable, although thoroughly expected from their former performances. Garnier hurdled pluckily in spite of his recent injury, and Cleave of Oxford ran a fair half mile.

The following are the results and times: One hundred-yard dash—A. E. Hind, Cambridge, first; J. Churchill, Cambridge, second. Time, 10 3-5 seconds.

High jump—G. H. Smith, Cambridge, 5 feet 10 1-4 inches, first; W. E. B. Henderson, Oxford, 5 feet 7 1-4 inches, second.

Half-mile run—J. R. Cleave, Oxford, first; J. Gilman, Cambridge, second. Time, 1 minute 59 2-5 seconds.

Putting the weight—E. E. B. May, Oxford, 34 feet 9 inches, first; C. S. Cow, Cambridge, 34 feet 2 inches, second.

One hundred and twenty yard hurdle race—G. R. Garnier, Oxford, first; E. Alcock, Cambridge, second. Time, 17 seconds flat.

Quarter-mile run—L. J. Cornish, Oxford, first; R. M. Barclay, Cambridge, second. Time, 52 4-5 seconds.

Mile run—F. G. Cockshot, Cambridge, first; H. W. Gregson, Cambridge, second. Time, 4 minutes 26 4-5 seconds.

Long jump—L. J. Cornish, Oxford, first, 21 feet 6 1-4 inches; G. Wiles, Cambridge, second, 20 feet 8 inches.

Three-mile run—H. W. Workman, Cambridge, first; F. H. Jarvis-Smith, Oxford, second. Time, 14 minutes 58 seconds.

Hammer throwing—E. B. May, Oxford, first, 113 feet 3 inches; B. C. Hartley, Cambridge, second, 109 feet.

Let no ardent American sympathizer, however, delude himself by a comparison of these records into the belief that an international contest would be all one way. It is certainly a fact, borne out by all previous internationals, that the home ground is a great advantage. But apart from that, Yale and Harvard cannot take any such great consolation to themselves from these records save in the field events. For instance, Workman, who won the three-mile run, is quite capable of running a half, and has done it recently, in well under 1.58. Hind, who is down as finishing the 100 in 10 3-5 yesterday, is a good 10-second man, and has even been clocked as low as 9.4-5. Garnier, who won the hurdles, was not in condition owing to an accident, and it was not generally supposed that he would run. He went in at the last moment to save the dark blues, and his victory, even in this shape, over Alcock, the Cambridge man, turned the tables in Oxford's favor. He can very much beat the 17 seconds with which he stands accredited.

WALTER CAMP.



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or older people, either, who ride Cleveland Wheels, may feel perfectly contented in any cycling company. No one else could have a better wheel.

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### Union Consolidated Oil Co.

stock is now **17 1/2 CENTS PER SHARE** and we are offering for a short time only the **2 Stocks at 55 Cents per Share.**

The Consolidated Oil Co. now have producing properties that are earning **Over 2 per cent. Monthly** on all of the stock sold to date.

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Prospectuses of the Smelter and Oil Companies, order blanks, etc., and also booklets of new mines and dividend payers, special combination plan, latest reports from the properties, and full particulars mailed free to anyone interested.

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## A Good Deal of Nonsense

About "Blood Purifiers" and "Tonics."

Every drop of blood, every bone, nerve and tissue in the body can be renewed in but one way, and this is, from wholesome food properly digested. There is no other way, and the idea that a medicine in itself can purify the blood or supply new tissues and strong nerves is ridiculous and on a par with the fabled that dyspepsia or indigestion is a germ disease or that other fallacy, that a weak stomach which refuses to digest food can be made to do so by irritating and inflaming the bowels by pills and cathartics.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure indigestion, sour stomach, gas and bloating after meals because they furnish the digestive principles which weak stomachs lack, and unless the deficiency of pepsin and diastase is supplied it is useless to attempt to cure stomach trouble by the use of "tonics," "pills" and "cathartics" which have absolutely no digestive power, and their only effect is to give a temporary stimulation.

One grain of the active principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs and similar foods, and experiments have shown that they will do this in a glass bottle at proper temperature, but of course are more effective in the stomach.

There is probably no remedy so universally used as Stuart's Tablets, because it is not only the sick and ailing but well people who use them at every meal to insure perfect digestion and assimilation of the food.

People who enjoy fair health take Stuart's Tablets as regularly as they take their meals, because they want to keep well. Prevention is always better than cure and Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets do both; they prevent indigestion and they remove it where it exists. The regular use of one or two of them after meals will demonstrate their merit and efficiency better than any other argument.



### For Sick and Well Folks

## Robinson's Bath Cabinet

Cures Disease Without Medicine.

There is hardly a disease known to the Medical Profession that can resist the power of heat. The Hot Air Bath is especially beneficial in cases of Rheumatism, Colds, La Grippe and Pneumonia. Soothes the Nerves, and prevents sickness. Gives a Beautiful Complexion. A Turkish Bath at home for two cents. **THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL FREE.** If not found as represented, money refunded. Order a cabinet at once and purify your blood before hot weather. **\$2.00 Book Free to Patrons;** contains full instructions for curing disease, written by prominent Physicians. Please send for our Book and

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**Big Wages—Our Famous PERITAS WATER STILL,** a wonderful invention—**not a filter.** 22,000 already sold. Demand enormous. Every body buys. Over the kitchen stove it furnishes plenty of distilled aerated drinking water, pure, delicious and safe. Only method. Distiller water cures Dyspepsia, Stomach, Bowel, Kidney, Bladder and Heart Troubles; prevents fevers and sickness. Write for Booklet, New Plan, Terms, etc., FREE. **HARBINSON MFG. CO.,** 405 Harrison Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



### FOR \$3.25

we will ship you sample pair of highest grade "Waldorf-Astoria" \$6.00 double tube tires. To introduce them. For \$2.75, a pair of \$5.00 "Daisy" guaranteed single tube tires. We SHIP ON APPROVAL C.O.D. to any address without a cent deposit. Pair built up guaranteed wheels, \$2.75. Same with "Waldorf-Astoria" tires, \$5.75. Rear wheel with "New Departure" hub coaster lens, \$4.75. Latest model "O. K." Gas Lamp, \$7.50. 1000 others articles. All sundries and sporting goods at one-half wholesale prices. Send for our big free sundry catalogue No. 94V.

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## BUILDING THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

Powerful air-compressors were located on a dock over the river and forced air into the working chamber at the pressure required. The air-lock was, in its simplest form, a section of one of the shafts with two doors, one at the top and one at the bottom of the section, and both opening downward. At first the working chamber is filled with water; the air drives this out, the lower door of the lock is closed and men can enter through the upper door, which is then open. The men close the upper door on entering the lock and open a valve connecting the lock with the working chamber of the caisson; the air rushes into the lock and soon raises the pressure until it is equal to that in the chamber, when the lower door is opened to admit the men to the working chamber, while the upper door is held firmly shut by the pressure. This process is reversed in coming out; the lower door being closed, the pressure in the lock is equalized with that in the open air by means of a valve opening outward; the upper door can then be opened for exit from the lock.

### BUT A WALL OF AIR BETWEEN WORKERS AND DEATH

The pressure must be equalized in the human body on entering as well as in coming out—and, of course, through the mouth, nostrils and ears. The muscular effort of swallowing seems the best aid to this equalization by admitting air to the system more rapidly; holding the nose and blowing serves to distend the ear-drums and tends to prevent their rupture, which sometimes occurs. Compressed air is stimulating and increases the respiration and the action of the heart. The air is heated by compression and is extremely moist; one perspires freely, and the clothing is frequently saturated, especially after exertion.

Some curious phenomena are observed. It is impossible to whistle at forty pounds pressure—should one fancy that amusement; one speaks through the nose and experiences difficulty in hearing; congestion of the lungs or brain sometimes occurs and sharp neuralgic pains are felt, accompanied often by vomiting and by bleeding at the nose, eyes or ears; in extreme cases, paralysis occurs. The effects are most felt in coming out, when the stimulation of the pressure is reduced, and the chill due to the expansion of the air and with moist clothing reaches one's very bones. Those who suffer are generally relieved by going back again at once. The severity of the attacks increases with the amount of exposure and especially with the rapidity with which the pressure is applied or released. Quite ordinary precautions, are retarding entrance and exit, the use of a warm wrap applied on reaching the outer air, and the avoidance of vigorous exercise or work at this time. Spare persons, and those between the ages of eighteen and thirty, endure the exposure best, while those with weak lungs or heart, and especially the latter, or of intemperate habits, are most liable to suffer.

### THE STURDY "SAND-HOGS" IN THE CAISSONS

The "sand-hogs," a name which the pressure men have given themselves, are sturdy, rough-and-tumble fellows, hardy, and generally injured to the work. They are nomadic, wandering over the country from one job to another, and are generally young and unmarried, and, too often, far from as temperate as the conditions of maximum efficiency require. Experience with this class of work and improvements in method have served to ameliorate the conditions under which it is done. With electric lights, it is no longer necessary to take the soot from increased combustion of lamps and candles into the lungs and stomach; the air is generally cooled to some extent artificially and the men pass rapidly, on emerging, to warm rooms, where they can have hot baths and dry clothes, with hot coffee as a valuable stimulant. Many fatalities have occurred on earlier work of this character, even at lesser depths, but none occurred on this work.

The north caisson, Brooklyn side, passed at one corner through seventeen feet of rock; the excavation in the northwest corner of the same caisson reached a depth of one hundred and fifteen feet below high water, which is the greatest depth at which such work has been done. The power of the compressed air was utilized to blow out sand, clay and gravel, as before stated, through a flexible hose to the blow-out pipes in the roof. The rock drills used on the New York side were driven at an increased pressure furnished by separate compressors. When the excavation was completed, and the rock surfaced with steps, the working chamber and the shaft openings were filled with concrete rammed compactly into all the open spaces.

In going through the lock with the men, perhaps ten to fifteen at a time, one would quite frequently hear the lock-tender directed to "rush 'em through quick," so as to em-

barrass the weak or timid, and a colloquialism frequently heard was, "I hope you'll get plugged"—meaning overcome by the pressure.

For economical reasons, and to ensure rapid completion, the work must be kept going continuously. The men never work more than eight hours in one day, three gangs of men being required for the full twenty-four hours. The time of working and rates of pay are determined by agreement with the men or with "The Sand-Hogs' Union."

For depths up to 55 feet they received \$2.50 for 8 hours' work; from 55 to 70 feet, \$2.75 for 6 hours' work; from 70 to 80 feet, \$3.00 for 2 hours' work; from 80 to 90 feet, \$3.25 for 14 hours' work; over 90 feet, \$3.50 for 14 hours' work.

Each period of work was separated by an interval in the open air corresponding to lunch hour, so that at the greatest depths the men only worked three-quarters of an hour at a time. It was often necessary to watch the men carefully to prevent the more hardy of them from doing two or three days' work in the twenty-four hours. It will be seen that with gangs of fifteen men working at the greater depths it would, with the sixteen shifts, require two hundred and forty men to keep one caisson going uninterruptedly.

### A CLOSE SHAVE ON THE RIVER BOTTOM

One seldom feels perfectly safe in compressed air, although conscious that everything possible has been done to make the caisson staunch. The machinery must be kept in order and the loading adequate, and the foremen, the men running the compressors, the lock-tenders, the "sand-hogs" themselves, must be assured men, faithful and vigilant. Accidents have occurred, and will occur, and the consciousness of this serves to make one cautious and, sometimes, nervous. I recall an experience in a Southwestern river, where work had been delayed on one of the caissons until the close of the season, when the river was subject to rapid variations of level with storms. We were working negroes as pressure men, and getting splendid work from them. At two o'clock one morning the white superintendent went out to urge the delivery of concrete material, which was coming in slowly, and did not return for two hours. Work stopped for want of material. I did not dare manifest my uneasiness for fear of panic among the eighteen men in the shift; the dull, periodic thud of the compressors could be easily counted and said, like the beating of a man's heart, that all was well. I lay down on a bank of clay near the stove and asked Smith, the negro foreman, and a great singer, to give us a song. Soon the men seated on the timber braces or standing near at ease were all singing darky melodies and hymns. At last the superintendent returned, and then only did I learn that a storm had come up, waves had risen on the river which threatened to break over the slight barrier, which the contractor had provided, into the main shaft and to break the lines holding the pressure and material boats to the pier. For more than an hour the trusty superintendent had been standing, axe in hand, ready to cut everything else away in order to save the connections with the pressure boat on which our lives depended. I did not realize the danger of the situation until I had slept over it, but—I rarely ever listened to sweeter singing!

### PERILOUS WORK OF RIGGERS

Another character on the modern structure is the "bridge-man"—the man who erected the steel towers and who will build the cables of the new East River Bridge. He must be a good riveter, a fair mechanic, and a

"Rigger or sailor-man,  
Mechanic and sailor, too."

He, also, is generally young, always sturdy and somewhat nomadic, as his work requires. To him a plank or a bar of steel is no narrower and no more dangerous to walk on three hundred feet in the air than on the ground. He handles ropes and rigging like a sailor and climbs around in dangerous places, jumps from piece to piece, or slides down a rope or a ladder with the agility, quickness and certainty of a monkey. Whether work is to be done on the ground or in the air is all one to him, and the rivet is driven home with a heavy sledge with as much facility and skill at the top of the tower as at its base. He is quick and sure of movement and will toss and catch a red-hot rivet with the ease, and grace withal, of a baseball pitcher. He is a higher type of man than the "sand-hog," and has more nerve. The cat is no surer-footed, and few really experienced bridge-men have fallen from the work.

There have been an unusual number of high gales this winter, especially while the towers were being completed. A gang of bridge-men was caught in one of these gales on top of the Brooklyn tower in February.



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Now, whatever it does on the ground it generally blows a gale on top of the towers, and on this occasion it blew at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Several loose planks of good size were blown to the ground like so many shavings. The men were there without any shelter, and braved out the storm because it was the best, and indeed the only, thing to do. They clung to the cold steel at the risk of frozen hands, for the temperature was much below freezing. On the ground the storm was a heavy driving squall, with sufficient snow to fill the air and cover the pavement; up there it was little short of marvellous that those fellows could hold on as they did until it blew over. Not a soul grumbled or seemed to mind the frozen fingers; all were ready next day for another—if it should come. Some four or five of these brave bridge-men have lost their lives by falling where to fall meant not merely to die but to be mangled. Charles E. Bedell, a grand-nephew of Peter Cooper, a skilful and promising engineer and superintendent for the contractors for the towers and end spans, while directing the work, stepped backward to avoid a weight swinging from a derrick and fell vertically ninety feet to his death.

When the eight cast-steel saddles, each weighing thirty-seven tons, were to be hoisted three hundred and ten feet to the tops of the towers, the steel hoisting ropes were made expressly for the work; each rope was one thousand feet long and passed through heavy steel hoisting-blocks at top and bottom of the towers. Two sets of tackle were used for each saddle, and the ends of each hoisting-rope led back to an engine for each set, so that each engine pulled on both ends of its rope. About thirty minutes were required to hoist each saddle, and every one breathed easier when all were in place.

The bridge-men sometimes seem tediously slow in preparing to lash the material together or in preparing to handle great weights, but this is generally the slowness of security, and one feels greater confidence in work thus surely done when finally completed.

Taking it altogether, there is a world of romance in the building of a great bridge.

#### SPRING THE LAGGARD

How long the Spring delays!  
Not so of yore  
She laggarded, but sowed the expectant shore  
With the bright ore of king-cups; set the sprays  
Of willows all a-feather  
With catkins that made jubilant becks and  
sways  
Like sprites a dancing in the amber weather;  
And caused to tingle every tip o' the brier  
With virginal soft fire!  
If the same glory be  
On sod and tree  
I see it not, lacking the sight of you  
Who are to me  
All vernal—  
All that the Spring doth hold  
Of glamour and of gold,  
Of sunlight, starlight, bud and bloom and  
dew.  
Ah, it is true, how true,  
This tragic thing—  
Without you, O my Sweet, there is no Spring!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

#### Burnett's Vanilla

is pure. Don't let your grocer work off a cheap and dangerous substitute. Insist on having Burnett's.—Adv.

What's a table though nicely spread without Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne at its head.—Adv.

Mountains of work dwindle to mole hills when the body is stimulated by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, the great invigorator. Druggists and grocers.—Adv.

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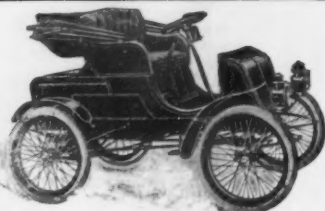
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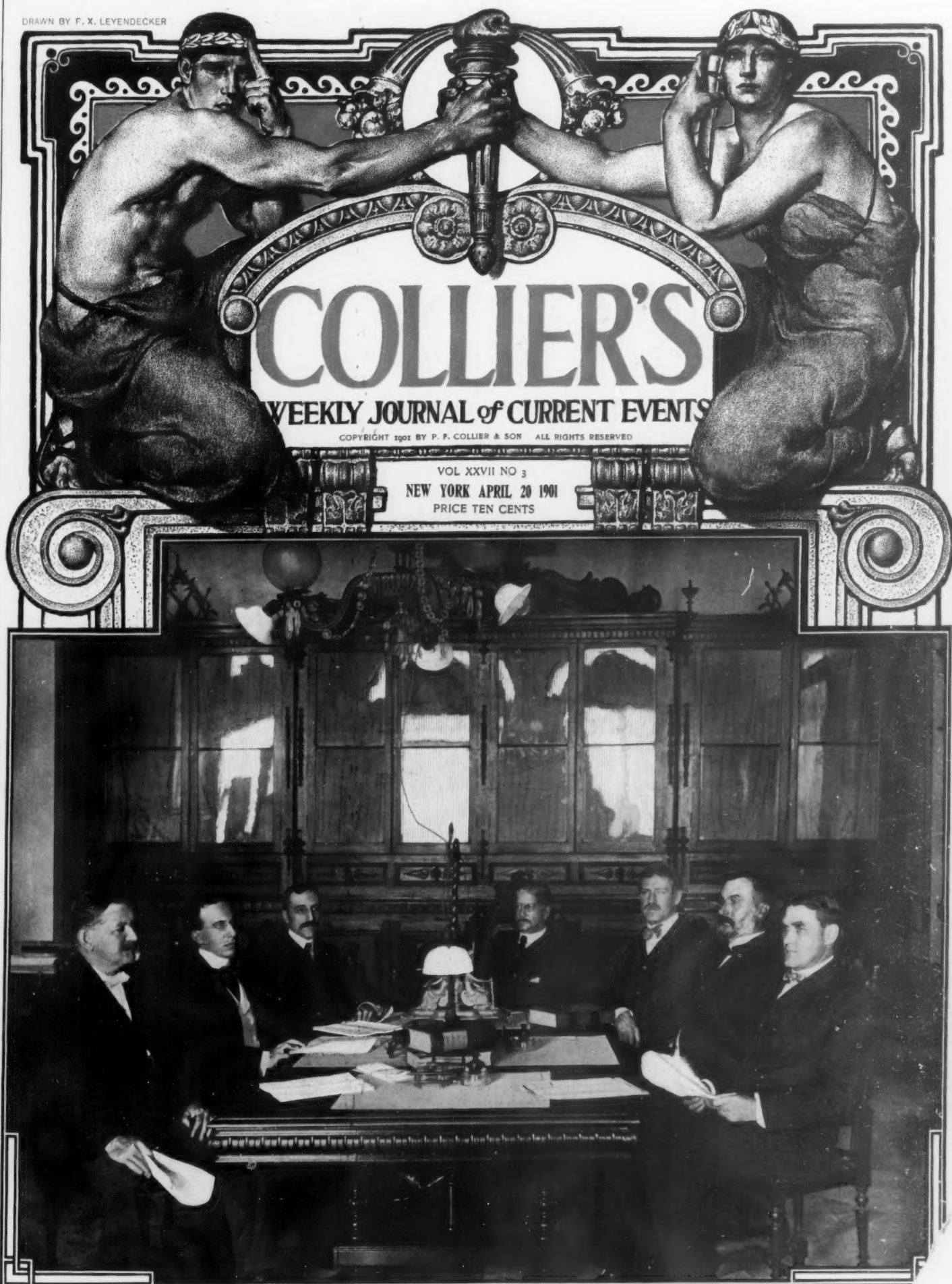
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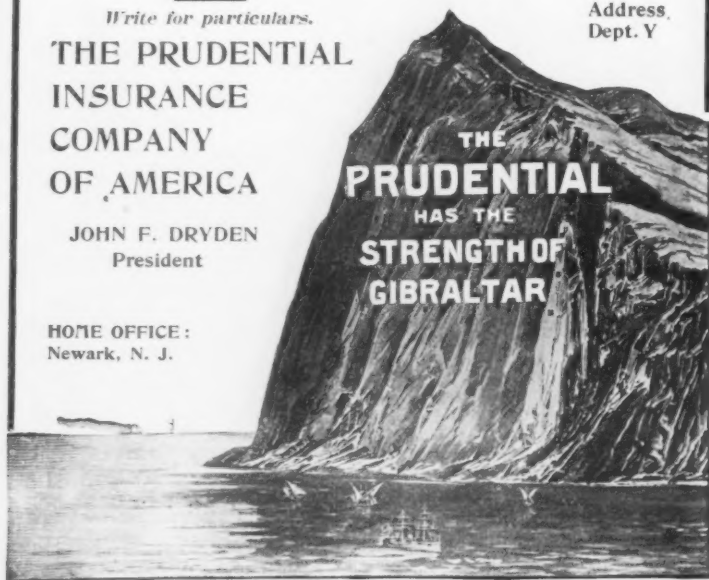
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SEVENTY odd years ago the paper for a week's edition of The Youth's Companion used to be brought to the office on a wheelbarrow, and it was not a full wheelbarrow-load, either. The paper for the edition of April 18, 1901,—The Companion's Seventy-fifth Birthday Number,—will be drawn on seventeen two-horse drays, ten rolls of paper on each dray, and each roll weighing seven hundred and fifty pounds—a total of nearly 130,000 pounds of paper for this single week's edition.



## The YOUTH'S COMPANION

Will publish the following noteworthy contributions in the issue of April 18th:

THE ESSENCE OF HEROISM	Theodore Roosevelt,
	Vice-President of the United States.
THE IDLE MINUTE BOOK	Mary E. Wilkins.
SOME REMNANTS	Sarah Barnwell Elliott.
HOW THE SQUIRE'S COLT WAS WON	Sheldon Stoddard.
PANTHERS IN THE COTTON-FIELD	Lewis B. Miller.

The above making about half the contents of the issue—the first of

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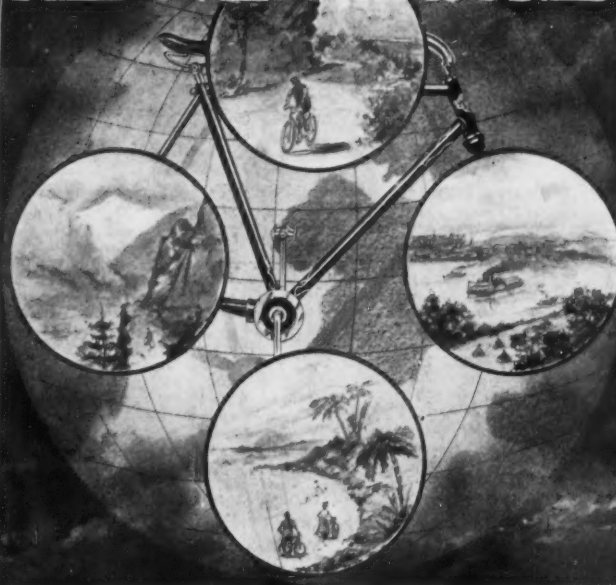
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